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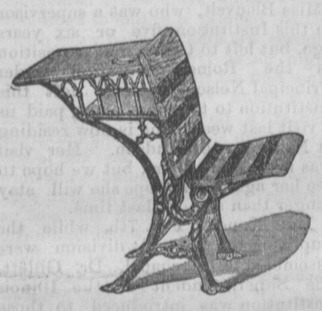
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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME X. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1881. NUMBER 7.

POETRY.

A FREE SEAT.

He was old and poor and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
As he bent his steps thitherward
To a stately edifice.
Outside he inquires "What church is that?"
"Church of Christ" he hears them say;
"Ah, just the place I am looking for;
I trust He is here to-day."

He passed through the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed on many a face
He saw surprise and a smile.
From pew to pew, up one entire side,
Then across the broad front space;
From pew to pew, down the other side,
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to the gospel truth;
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented
And he was a stranger, old and poor—
Not a heart to him relented.

He paused outside a moment to think,
Then passed into the streets,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet,
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle,
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and hear
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshipers,
A great confusion he sees,
Many a cheek crimsoned with shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wished they had been more courteous
To a stranger, old and poor.

As if by magic, some fifty doors
Opened simultaneously,
And as many seats and books and hands
Were proffered hastily.
Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew,
And wiping a tear away.
He thinks it was a mistake, after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by an humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And that church preserves that sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

STORY TELLER.

Under The Apple Blossoms.

BY MISS ANGELINA THROOP.

Mabel Vaughn was the daughter of a plain, respectable farmer residing in the State of Pennsylvania. He was a hard working, honest man, but a poor manager, always in arrears in his payments, and at the time I now write much in debt. The old, two story farm-house, with its white walls, rustic porch and green blinds, stood upon an enimence, with a lawn in front sloping down upon the winding public road. On the left was a garden inclosed with white-washed palings, and an orchard to the right. The latter sloped back to the meadow lands, through which a broad stream flowed, with banks bordered with willow and alder; a large buttonwood tree shaded the back yard with its wide spreading branches, whilst, in the spring and summer time, festoons of woodbine and roses clustered over the rustic porch in front. From the latter was seen a broad expanse of rolling country dotted here and there with groves of trees. On the right, by the roadside, a little distance off, stood a two-story frame country inn, whose gaily painted sign-board swung lazily in the air; the white spires of the far-off village were seen in the distance. The scene was of a well-cultivated, country landscape, which, in its peaceful solitude, was tempting to the worn-out, fashionable people of the, heated, dusty cities, and in summer many thronged the rural neighborhood.

Mabel was the eldest of nine children, and, at the time I introduce her, in her nineteenth year. She was tall, fair, handsome, with a slight symmetrical figure, clear complexion, large, deep blue eyes, fringed with long black lashes, well shaped nose, and a mouth tempting as a rosebud; her waving masses of golden hair crowned her well-shaped head like a halo. She was a beautiful, refined, superior creature, entirely out of keeping with her rude surroundings. The country lads were quite in awe of the beautiful girl, whom they called cold hearted and proud. This was because they failed to understand her refined, superior nature. She was not entirley satisfied with her lot, and was often oppressed with a strange longing for something better than she had known. She was fond of books, and eagerly grasped any chance reading matter which came in her way. It was the calm of a lovely Sabbath as she sat upon the grass, leaning against an old apple tree, with a book in her hand; her snowy dress floating around her like a cloud, whilst a large straw hat was keeping her calm blue eyes in shade. The trees were laden with blossoms, whilst the hum of bees filled the air as they were laying in their winter supply of honey. The air was full of fragrance, and Mabel, with a half listless admiration, viewed the scene, which was fair enough to kindle the eye of an artist.

Philp Adair was the son of a neighboring farmer. He and Mabel had been brought up together, their families being fast friends. He was a tall, handsome, dark-complexioned young man of three-and-twenty summers. His father was a man of a different character from Mr. Vaughn—industrious and managing, with his fine farm out of debt, and "a little" as he said, "laid up for a rainy day." Philip, his eldest son, was the pride of the parents and the admiration of the neighborhood, on account of his noble nature and mental superiority. He worked hard on the farm, and all his spare time was devoted to study. He had loved Mabel passionately from childhood, and she in return gave him her undivided heart.

Philip's ambition was to go to the city of P—— and study for a lawyer and locate there, making his way up to prominence if possible. He had for some time been endeavoring to induce his father to advance a sufficient amount for his scheme, out of what in future would come to him out of the estate. Mr. Adair was at first reluctant, not knowing how he could manage without him; but, wishing to do justice to his noble son, and being yet in his vigorous prime, with two active young boys, he finally consented saying to his wife:

"We will not oppose this boy, Mary, for there is the making of a great man in him, and we will never let him reflect upon us for retarding his progress."

"Don't be proud, father," replied the fond little mother. "If Philip continues to be as good as he is now, we will have sufficient cause to be grateful."

"Well, well, little woman, his father will expect to see him become great, and continue good; the two make a beautiful combination."

As Mabel sat listlessly contemplating the scene, Philip Adair approached, unnoticed, through the meadow, and stood looking with intense love and admiration upon her lovely face.

As he did so, his shadow ominously crossed hers upon the grass.

"I will ask her again," he mentally exclaimed, "to renew her engagement, lest some city man should come along whilst I am away and rob me of my treasure."

As these thoughts crossed his mind, without speaking, he threw himself upon the clover at her feet.

She started, whilst a flood of crimson colored her face, and looked shyly toward her eager, handsome suitor, exclaiming:

"Is that you, Phil? I have been expecting you."

He was silent; he had come with a story to tell. Mabel guessed it before he had said a word.

"Something has happened," she said, gazing to his pale, sad face. "Do not conceal it from me."

"Do not be frightened, Mabel; father and mother at last have given their consent to my going to the city of P—— to study for a lawyer. that is all," he said, forcing a nervous laugh.

"I shall be gone for two or three years, perhaps, and will leave much sooner than I expected—to-morrow, in fact. You will give me a solemn promise to wait for me, darling? I will write often, and come home once or twice a year to see you, and when I finish, we will marry and settle down in the beautiful city of P——, and I hope will have a long and happy life together. You will wait for me?" he repeated, looking earnestly into her face.

"I will wait until I die, Philip." she replied.

"God bless you, darling," he said, kissing her now pale cheeks, which again became crimson-dyed. "You shall not regret it."

As twilight began to deepen into night Philip arose, and, giving Mabel his arm they walked along the winding river. The night birds sang softly, and the stars began to glimmer one by one in their azure setting. Their words were few, but the heart of each was filled with love for the other. At last they parted in silence on the banks of the lonely river. Her cheeks were wet with the tears that were beyond her control. Little thought they of the possible severing of a faith, the blighting of a love that had grown with their growth, until it had now ripened into perfection.

The uncertain future is wisely concealed from us, only our present duties are plain.

Philip went to the city, and Mabel devoted herself with her usual patience to her home duties. She heard frequently from Philip, and was contented and happy.

During the summer the old inn was as usual filled with city boarders, amongst whom one Mr. Percy Claire was making quite a sensation in the neighborhood. He was a widower of about forty-five. For the last three years he had been traveling abroad. On his return, before settling down to city life, he had concluded to rusticate in this quiet neighborhood for rest for himself, and a good time for his two little sons. He was a well educated, superior man, of large means and prominent position. His elegant appearance and haughty manners won for him the awe and admiration of the people of the place, and the farmers' daughters were anxious by their charms to induce him to marry and locate in the neighborhood. Mabel had heard much of Mr. Claire but had not felt the least interest in him. One evening as she was returning from the village, whither she had been making a few purchases, she met an elegant looking gentleman leading by the hand a little boy. From the description she had heard, she at once recognized him as Mr. Claire. She felt embarrassed by the gaze of evident admiration he fixed upon her face. The next evening she heard a knock on the front hall door, and on opening it found to her astonishment, the gentleman there. He bowed low to her, introducing himself as Mr. Claire, apologizing for the call, saying in vindication that, "he had been informed that Mr. Vaughn had an idea of selling his place, and took the liberty to call and see if there was any truth in the report, as he was so much pleased with this part of the country that he had concluded to purchase a farm where he and the boys might ruralize in the summers."

Mabel blushed deeply at these remarks of the stranger, and informed him that "she was very sorry to be forced to acknowledge that the reports were correct."

The truth was, Mr. Vaughn, who was always in pecuniary embarassments, had lately lost heavily, and as Mr. Adair (who was his friend in need) at last had become out of patience with him, he would either be forced to sell now, or the property would be sold for him, as there was no way of raising the large amount due. Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn were absent, trying to persuade Mr. Adair to assist them out of their difficulties, but this time he was inexorable.

Mr. Claire was delighted at the opportunity of awaiting their return.

"You would regret, Miss Vaughn," he said, "to leave the old place?"

"Yes sir; it is our home. We children have all been born here, and we have the most pleasant and tender associations connected with the dear old place. I shall be very unhappy if we are forced to leave it."

"You may not be forced to go. Often, we are on the verge of some painful misfortune, a kind Providence interposes, and we are extricated from our painful position."

"Those are romantic events," replied Mabel. "We read of them in novels, but they seldom occur in real life."

"Reality, Miss Vaughn, is stranger than fiction, and allow me to predict that something will occur to prevent your leaving the old place."

"That, sir, would be making us all too happy."

On the return of her parents, Mabel quickly withdrew. Mr. Vaughn was delighted with his distinguished guest, who promised to call the next day to look over the farm. He came not only the next day, but on many succeeding days, until Mabel began to think it was herself, not the farm, in which he was most interested. This caused her to alarm, and she tried to avoid the assiduous stranger. She had often rejoiced in her beauty for Philip's sake. She now turned from her mirror with pain, regarding it as her greatest misfortune.

Mr. Claire would not see her indifference, but kept persistently visiting the old farm, and overwhelming her with costly presents. At last he frightened her with an offer, which she positively declined. He expected this, and went to her parents, telling them that he loved their daughter, and if she could be induced to wed him, he would pay off the entire indebtedness of the farm, and assist them out of all embarrassments for the future.

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn were at this time very indignant at their neighbor for not assisting them, and considered Mr. Claire's position as quite a blessing.

"It will be all right, sir, I am sure," replied the delighted father. "Mabel is a noble girl. She will love you as you deserve, and in turn you will find her as good as she is fair."

After his departure they explained their embarrassed situation to her, and begged that she would accept Mr. Claire's brilliant offer..

"I can not!" Mabel cried with a wail of despair. "It would kill me. You know that I love Philip, and I have made him the most sacred promise. What would he think of me? Oh, I should make him so wretched and be myself so."

Mr. and Mrs. Vaughn could not understand her folly in refusing so grand an opportunity, regarding it as a whim which would be followed by a life-time regret. In urging it upon her they thought they were not only forwarding their interests, but her own.

Mr. Claire saw the greatness of the sacrifice, but he accepted it. He fulfilled his promise to her parents, and went further, sending at his own expense her two eldest brothers to college. He remained at the inn the entire winter, lest he might, by some unfortunate accident, lose his treasure. Mabel was submissive. Her brilliant marriage engagement was the envy of the entire neighborhood. And when the farmers' daughters saw her driving out with Mr. Claire in magnificent style, they sighed with envy, little dreaming how often her smile had an aching heart.

The following spring, when all nature was light and smiling, when the apple trees were again in bloom, Mabel was sitting alone by one of the "front-room" windows. In a few days she was to be married. She sat listlessly looking over the wide-spreading landscape, thinking of her ruined happiness.

Suddenly she was startled, for Philip Adair stood out upon the porch before her. His looks were strangely altered—so pale and stern. Mabel, in an agony of despair looked up, and for a moment they gazed fixedly into each other's pale faces.

At last Mabel exclaimed:

"Philip, why are you come? You know I have given you up."

"Mabel, I have come to hear from your own lips that which none could force me to believe. "Mine until death, Philip," said he, bitterly. "I thank my God that I am rid of one so unworthy! When I left you, Mabel, I went away with no thought but of you and your happiness. Whilst I was laboring for this, you were plotting to wound me in the cruelest way; you little know, Mabel Vaughn, the mischief you have done! Farewell, and may a just God deal with you as you have dealt with me!"

He turned quickly, leaped from the porch, hastened through the front yard, mounted his horse, and was soon galloping along the highway.

Mabel was bewildered at first. Arousing herself, she followed as far as the wicket gate in time to see him disappearing in the dim distance. She held out her arms toward him, exclaiming, "Philip!" with a bitter cry of pain. Then she returned, and, seating herself upon the steps of the porch, buried her face in her hands, whilst her whole frame shook with her agitated feelings. Thus they parted, they who had vowed to go through life together.

* * * * *

Mabel's joyless wedding was over. She left with Mr. Clair to preside over his elegant establishment in the city of P——. He was a cold, selfish man of the world. There was no congeniality between them, and Mabel, though submissive, found her life a blank. As time rolled on, the gulf widened and widened between them, he regarding her with jealous suspicion, knowing she had married him without love, and considering himself injured in marrying one in her position and not having it appreciated. He was liberal toward her family, and Mabel felt kindly toward him when she saw them prosperous and happy.

Philip Adair, never rightly understanding the matter, accused her of duplicity and a love of display. Twice in after years he saw her. Once she passed him in her elegant carriage; their eyes met; neither spoke, both considering themselves injured. Philip was surprised to see the dark eclipse that had dimmed the radiant beauty; never, he thought, had he seen a human being so pale. "She has reaped what she has sown," said he, bitterly, though his heart was full of pity. The lips may utter severe reproaches whilst the poor, tortured heart is all love the while. Pride conceals anguish, and Philip, in spite of bis bitter words, would have died to save her if he could.

When he again saw her she was still paler. She lay in her coffin, and was beautiful even there. When she felt her end approaching she beckoned to her mother, saying:

"It may be a foolish request, mamma dear, but bear with me, for mine is a tired and wounded spirit. When I am no more, it will be a pleasure for you to know you have consented to my dying request. Please have me buried in the orchard under my favorite tree."

So when the apple trees were again in bloom they buried her there. It was a bright sunny day. The birds sang sweetly by the winding river, which shone like a band of silver unrolled, the bees hummed from flower to flower, the only inanimate thing was the sleeper beneath the coffin lid.

Philip Adair prospered wondrously and gratified the ambition of his parents and friends. He became a distinguished man in the world, made a brilliant marriage, and was considered by his less fortunate friends a lucky fellow. But though favored by many blessings, there was always a solitary place in his heart, a void which the world could not satisfy or fill. In society he was gay and cheerful, kind and generous, and the grief that was buried deep within his heart was known only to his Maker.

THE RAGGED SOLDIERS.

The bravest are the tenderest—
The loving are the daring.
—Bayard Taylor.

Just at the close of the war was seen somewhere in a small town, a ragged and forlon-looking soldier coming up the dusty street. He looked round with curious eye—so at least thought Mr. Towne, who was walking leisurely behind him. The latter was a stout farmer, dressed in home-made brown linen trousers without suspenders, vest or coat. The ragged soldier stopped, and Mr. Towne overtaking him stopped also.

"Home from the war?" he asked.

"Yes; I have been a prisoner for years. Can you tell me who lives in the next house?

"Tompkins lives there. That house and farm used to belong to a comrade of yours, as I suppose. His name was Jones; but he was shot, and his widow married again."

The soldier leaned against a tree.

"What kind of man is he? I mean what kind of people are they there?" he asked somewhat faintly. "Would they be likely to let a poor soldiers have something to eat?"

"If Tompkins is out you'd be treated firstrate there. Mrs. Tompkins is a nice woman, but he is a snarly cur, and leads her a dog's life. She missed it marrying that fellow, but she had a hard time of it with the farm when Jones went off soldiering; and when my son came back and said he was dead—he saw him bleeding to death on the battlefield—she broke right down, and this Tompkins came along and got in to work for her, and he laid himself out to do first-rate."

"He somehow got on the blind side of all of us, and when he offered himself to her I advised her to have him, and I'm sorry I did it. You had better come home with me; I always have a bite for any poor fellow that has fought for his country."

"Thank you kindly," returned the soldier; "but Mrs. Tompkins is a sort of old acquaintance. I used to know her husband, and I guess I will call there."

Mr. Towne watched him as he went up to the door and knocked, and saw that he was admitted by Mrs. Tompkins. Then Mr. Towne went home for supper, and we will go in with the soldier.

"Could you give a poor soldier a mouthful to eat?" he asked of the pale, nervous woman who opened the door."

"My husband does not allow me to give anything to travelers," she said, "but I always feel for the soldiers coming back, and I'll give you some supper if you won't be long.

"I am glad to have you eat, and I would not hurry you for anything," she said in a frightened way, "but you will eat quickly, won't you? for I expect every minute he will be in."

The man drew his chair to the table, keeping his hat on his head, as though he belonged to the Society of Friends; but that could not be for "Friends" do not go to war.

He ate heartily of the bread and butter and cold meat, and how long he was about it!

Mrs. Tompkins fidgeted. "Dear me," she said to herself, "if he only knew, he wouldn't be so cruel as to let Tompkins come in and catch him here." She went and looked from the window uneasily; but the soldier gave no token of his meal coming to an end.

"Now he is pouring vinegar on the cold cabbage and potatoes. I can't ask him to take those away in his hand. Oh, dear, how slow he is! Hasn't he any teeth?"

At last she said, mildly:

"I am very sorry to hurry you, sir, but couldn't you let me spread some bread and butter, and cut you some slices of meat to take with you? My husband will use abusive language to you if he finds you here."

Before the soldier could reply footsteps were heard on the door stones, and immediately a man entered. He stopped short and looked at the soldier as savage as a dog might look.

Then he broke out in a tone between a growl and roar.

"Hey, day, Molly. What have I told you time and again? You had better mind your master. And you, you lazy, thieving vagabond, you clear out of my house and off my lands."

"Your house and your land!" exclaimed the soldier, starting suddenly up, erect and tall, and dashing off his hat with quite a fiery gesture. His eyes were flashing lightning and his lip quivered with indignation as he confronted the astonished Tompkins.

The latter was evidently afraid of him, and his wife had given a sudden nervous shriek when the soldier first started to his feet and flung off his hat, and had sunk trembling and half-fainting in a chair, for she recognized him.

"You have no business to interfere between me and my wife," said Tompkins, sulkily, cowed by the attitude of the soldier.

"Your wife," exclaimed the soldier with the very concentration of contempt expressed in his voice, and pointing at him with an indignant finger.

"Who are you?" asked Tompkins.

"I am Harry Jones, since you ask," replied the soldier, "the owner of this land and this house, which you will leave this very hour. As for Molly," softening his tone as he turned to the woman, now sobbing hysterically, "she shall choose between us."

"O, Harry," sobbed she, while Tompkins stood dumb with astonishment, "take me, save me."

With one step he was at her side holding her in his arms.

"What do you mean, treating this poor child so? Did you think because she had no earthly protector there was not a God in heaven to take her part against you?"

No man who is cruel to a woman is ever truly brave, and Tompkins slunk away like a beaten spaniel.

The next day had not passed away before everybody in the town knew that Harry Jones had come home, alive and well, to rescue his much-enduring, patient wife from a worse constrain than that of a prison; but what they all said, and what Harry said, and what Molly felt, I must leave you to imagine, for here the legend ends.

Keep the Life Pure.

Once upon a time an Arabian princess was presented by her teacher with an ivory casket, exquisitely wrought, with the injunction not to open it until a year had rolled round. Many were the speculations as to what it contained, and the time impatiently waited for when the jeweled key should disclose the mysterious contents. It came at last, and the maiden went away alone, and with trembling haste to unlock the treasure; and lo! reposing on delicate satin linings, lay nothing but a shroud of rust; the form of something beautiful could be discerned, but the beauty had gone forever. Tearful with disappointment, she did not at first see a slip of parchment containing these words:

"Dear pupil: May you learn from this a lesson for your life. This trinket, when inclosed, had upon it only a single spot of rust; by neglect it has become the useless thing you now behold, only a blot on its pure surrounding. So a little stain on your character will, by inattention and neglect, mar a bright and useful life, and in time will leave only the dark record of what might have been. If you now place within a jewel of gold, and after many years seek the rsesult, the will find it still as sparkling as ever. So with yourself; treasure up only the pure, the good, and you will always be an ornament to society, and a source of true pleasure to yourself and your friends."

Honor Thy Mother.

It was a cold dark night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was hurled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and not withstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, was accompanied by his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow and against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother:

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as closely as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said:

"I am very proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that boy's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who in his helpless infancy, watched over him.

Laws of the Million.

A note dated on Sunday is void.

If a note be lost or stolen it does not release the maker; he must pay it.

An endorser of a note is exempt from liability if not served with notice of its dishonor within 24 hours of its non-payment.

Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm, except in cases of special partnership.

Ingorance of the law excuses no one.

An agreement without consideration is void.

Signatures in lead pencil are good in law.

A receipt for money is not legally conclusive.

Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.

A contract made with a minor is voidable.

A contract made with a lunatic is void.

Checks or drafts must be presented for payment without unreasonable delay.

Some persons delight in standing in the way and opposing the best intentions of others, with no other object than to be contrary. Those people are troublesome. They are not useful as factors in human progress.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEB. 17, 1881

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1624 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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One of our deaf-mute literary associations recently debated on the question whether country life is perferable to life in the city, and, we are happy to record the verdict in favor of a country life. Although there is generally prevalent among the youth of to-day a desire to live and have their homes in the city, now and again we find an exception to the general rule. It would be much better if there were more exceptions. Contrasting the two, we feel sure that there are very few but will admit that a quiet life in the country, far away from the myriad of temptations in every form which beset the city youth, is much more to be desired. A home where plainness and frugality, those never failing allies of truth and virture, are to be found, must be the happiest place on earth. There seems, however, to be a widespread belief that one who lives in the city, lives a life of careless ease and gaiety —that pleasure and amusement are the chief characteristics of city life. There is quite an error in this belief. It is true there is plenty of amusement to be found, plenty of pleasure to be had, but they must be paid for; and the price paid is very often more than equivalent to the amount of temporary happiness secured. Of course we do not deny that the city possesses many advantages over the country —advantages which are so well known and so universally understood that we shall not here attempt to enumerate them—but if his object be a happy and useful future, the average man can be more certain of the consummation of his desire by taking up his abode in a place removed from the "busy haunts of men." The chances of success in life are proportionately greater in the country. The difficulties to be met with and overcome in order to obtain a livelihood are fewer, and we are convinced that if one-half of the young men of to-day who are regretting "lost opportunities" or are "waiting for some thing to turn up" had staid on the farm, it would have been better for themselves as well as more beneficial to the prosperity of the whole country.

The deaf are so often subjected to ridicule and ill treatment by shallow brained and thoughtless people, that it is almost gratifying to see one of their tormentors punished. Principal Greenberger did the correct thing when he returned the envelope which had been wilfully and insultingly addressed. Perhaps the young man's plea that he had not done it intentionally was correct; but, to the average mind it does not seem likely that any one capable of holding a position such as he held could fail to discover so glaring and ridiculous a discrepancy.

"John Swinton's Travels," is what he calls a little book of current views and notes of Forty Days in France and England, and which comprises in a small space about as much information and clearly written comment as it is possible to give. The style of treatment is altogether original, and little or no effort is required to get a comprehensive understanding of all that the author has intended to portray. It is published by G. W. Carleton & Co., and is sold for the reasonable price of twenty-five cents.

NOTICES.

Convention Pamphlets.

Pamphlets embodying in full the proceedings of the National Convention of Deaf-Mutes, held in Cincinnati in August, 1880, will be sold at the rate of 15 cents each. All who desire to procure a copy can do so by sending the above amount to E. A. Hodgson, Station M, New York City.

R. P. McGREGOR,
President.

Services for deaf-mutes are held every Sunday at 2.45 P.M., in St. Ann's Church, New York; on the second Sunday of each month, at 3 P.M. in St. Ann's Chapel, Brooklyn; on the third Sunday at 4 P.M., in St. Andrews Church, Harlem; and the fourth Sunday at 3 P.M., in Christ Church, Williamsburg. The deaf-mutes of New York and vicinity are requested to keep these services in mind, and attend them as often as possible.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

W. K. Chase, of Florida, is now in New York.

Abbey Koffman and Albert Guggenheimer called on their friends on Washington Heights last Sunday.

John Weinberger is employed as a cutter in Mr. Leopold Loewenstein's vest manufacturing establishment.

The *London Illustrated News*, of January 24th, contains an engraving of the London Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Three good compositors, male or female, deaf-mute or semi-mute, might get a good situation by putting their address in the JOURNAL.

Messrs. Albert W. Chapman, Frank Skillin and George A. McWilliams will go to the Worcester Carnival if their "boss" will give them permission.

Alpha Engleville is a first-class printer, and a good fellow. He works steadily and saves his money. It is suspected that he is conspiring in the matrimonial line. He is 27 years old, and good looking.

Miss Bella C. Flagg, who is a great favorite among the gentlemen, is the "boss" at her home while her mother is away down South. Miss Flagg is a nice housekeeper and a good cook.

"Bertie" has not heard from her classmate, who had something important to tell her, if she knew her address. If you please, I am waiting and hoping to hear from my classmate very soon.

Champion G. Buchan, who graduated from the Illinois Institution in 1872, is now in Rockford, Ill. He is a cabinet-maker by trade, and has a good situation in a large furniture manfactory in that town.

Some of Miss Alice Jenning's poems are very fine, and all worth reading. They are exquisitely printed, nicely bound and tied with blue ribbon. No one will be dissatisfied by investing fifty cents for a volume.

Mr. C. O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y., is enjoying the sights of the "Hub" and thinks it a pleasant city. He says he is going to Syracuse, N. Y., to-morrow. He says he had to be transferred from a sleeper to another at one o'clock on his way to Boston, and all its passengers were transferred, because the sleeper had a broken wheel. He never saw such a whirl.

"Mr. Why," in a private communication, says the Lord made him for a sledge-hammer to whack people and things generally into "clam chowder." We advise him to push his hair back from his noble brow, dye his eyes so they will correspond with his complexion, and not try to look so infernally solemn when he thinks he has said something funny. And let him know this advice is from—"Liz."

Miss Bella C. Flagg had quite a narrow escape a short time ago. Early one morning, as she was standing before the range, it exploded. Out came a blaze from the grate up into her face so powerful it nearly smothered her. She stepped back quickly, and thereby saved her dress from catching fire. She was alone at the time and was very fortunate to save herself. Her life were spared so that the boys may still "Rally around the Flag."

For the information of his old classmate, the whereabouts of William B. Neisler, a graduate of the American Asylum has been found out. In Macon, Ga., a gentleman told the Rev. Job. Turner as follows: Mr. Neisler lives seven miles from Reynolds, Taylor Co., Ga.; has a semi-mute wife and a speaking son about 17 years old, is proud of his son, and is giving him a good education. He is very smart and doing well. Before the war, he had seventeen slaves, but lost them all by it. He hid his mules in a swamp and succeeded in saving them from the federals.

On the night of the 9th inst, the Rev. Job. Turner had the pleasure of officiating with the Rev. Mr. Glazelrook in Macon, Ga., whose father deceased, was once one of his visitors at the Virginia Institution at Staunton. Little did he imagine while a teacher at the Institution, that he would preach with his son in the South. He met Mr. Quinn at the service, who is doing well. While in Macon, he found a large number of letters awaiting his arrival, one of which was was written by the Rev. W. W. Turner, of Hartford, Conn., on important business, and another by Prof. Trist, of the Pennsylvania Institution.

Miss Bella C. Flagg, who had the Christmas Festival at her residence last Christmas, it should be stated generously gave presents to each of her friends numbering about thirty, much to their surprise. Besides remembering those who were not able to be present. And we were all pleased that she had so many presents from the tree. Mr. and Mrs. Homer liberally contributed gift- and funds for the tree, for which needed assistance, Miss Flagg appeared to be extremely grateful. Mr. W. H. Krause and Miss Flagg made themselves useful in distributing the numerous gifts. Our hostess is to be complimented on the taste she desplayed in so beautifully dressing the tree.

Hon. Saunders, a member of the United States Senate from Nebraska, is an uncle of Mr. Milton Saunders, a deaf-mute farmer living twelve miles from Springfield, Ill., and four miles from Williamsville. He is a man of means, and had three children by his first wife, and three by his second. The former is a speaking woman and a half sister of W. D. Edwards, and Mrs. Dora Harden *nee* Miss M. E. Edwards, and the latter a mute lady, formerly matron of the boys department at Jacksonville, by the name of Miss Martha Beely before her marriage. All of the children, whose ages range from 3 to 19, can talk well and understand the sign language. One one of them, Miss Nellie Saunders, was a graduate of the High school in 1880, and is anxious to have a position in a deaf-mute school somewhere as a teacher, she can give best references if if necessary. She has a fair education. Any superintendent of schools desiring such a teacher would do well by writing her. Her address is Springfield, Ill., care of Jonathan Saunders.

Samuel Brenner, of Westchester, N. Y., became the happy father of a boy on the 29th of January.

It is reported that Mr. Dougherty, of Watkins and Miss E. Barry, of Canadaigua, will be married soon. Mr. Dougherty is a well built shoemaker.

Messrs. Stafflinger and Berger, both of Buffalo, N. Y., visited the Niagara Falls on the 6th inst. J. B. Herman contemplates taking a trip to the Falls some time next summer.

The Boston *Evening Traveler* of the 4th inst., says: "Arthua Morgan, a French deaf-mute, was run over and killed by a train in Grand Trunk Yard, at Gorham, N. H., last Saturday evening.

George Fancher, of Westville, O., while on his way to the post-office to get a money-order to pay for a year's subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, killed an opossum by striking it with a cane, which he carried.

Mr. Washington Houston, of Frankford, had the honor of a visit from Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, last Saturday afternoon. He took dinner with Mr. Houston, and, also, made a call at the printing establishment where Mr. Houston has been employed for seven years.

On Sunday morning, the 30th inst., the Rev. Job. Turner's service was conducted within the walls of the S. C. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb and Blind, before the officers and pupils at Cedar Spring, four miles from Spartanburg. Among those present, were Prof. Rogers and his wife, Robert P. Rogers and his daughter.

Mr. David T. Spencer, while in Praire du Chien, Wis., recently met Mr. Edward Evans, a former pupil of the Delevan Institution. Mr. Spencer was glad to meet and talk with one who graduated from the same school as himself. Mr. Evans is now living in the town of Eastman, Wis. He has for the last four years been working in Iowa, earning $30 a month.

Mrs. John Masenhemer, of Lehigh Co., Pa., a sister of Kate and Tillie Arnold, of Turnbull's Corners, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose her daughter, Kate, in January last. They were sorry that the distance from their home was too far to admit their attending the funeral. Their mute brother, William Arnold, of Monroe Co., Pa., lives in Lehigh. They expect to visit him next summer.

Mr. D. T. Spencer was at the fair in Boscobel, Wis., last fall. While there, he met Mr. Hubbell, a hardware merchant of that place, who understood the sign language, who informed him that a deaf-mute named Patrick Dane was in town. Mr. Spencer met and had a talk with Mr. Dane, who he found to be from England, where he was educated. He is now living in the town of Woodward, Wis.

C. Boyle, Jr., formerly a pupil of the Illinois Institution, and a printer by occupation, has accepted a good position in the printing office at Nashville, Ill., which has a population of about 3,000. He belongs in Cain, Ill. He had sore eyes for a long time, and his father sent him to see a doctor in Union City, Tenn., and at late accounts they were improving. He used to work in St. Louis as a painter for Jabez Mulholland whose brother, Roddy, is now living and a mute.

On Monday evening last, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet delivered a lecture in Philadelphia. The subject being his recent trip to Europe. There was about one hundred deaf-mutes present in the lecture room. Among them were Messrs. Trist, Elwell, and Pratt, and Stevenson and Leisher, of West Philadelphia; Messrs. W. Houston and J. E. Pollock, of Frankford; Mr. S. VanCortlandt, of Kensington; Mr. and Mrs. Carlin, Mr. Turner, of Camden, N. J., Mr. Lispet, Mrs. Rankin, Mrs. Bennett and others.

Times (Philadelphia).—General Garfield has a much tougher job of harmonizing than Artemus Ward when he undertook to moralize his animals. He found the greatest trouble to make his "amoosin little cuss" of a bear live with amity in the cage of a disreputable lion, whose bent was for roaring and dining upon the joints of his less bulky neighbours. The party expects its chief to harmonize Conkling and Blaine who don't speak; Grant and Blaine, who don't speak; Sherman and Conklin, who don't speak, and Foster, with nearly all of those who refuse to speak to him. He might make use of the mute alphabet to keep the peace.

On Sunday afternoon, February 6th, the Rev. Job Turner met his appointment by holding a service for deaf-mutes in Atlanta, Georgia, which bids fair to be one of the largest cities in the South, its population being about 40,000. He was kindly assisted by the Rev. Mr. Ticknor in the service in St. Luke's Church. Among those present was a well-educated lady named Miss Ella Groom, who is a good book-keeper in a large publishing house in the city. Mr. Turner left for Augusta, via Macon, the same night, a little after midnight. He was requested to deliver a *public lecture* on the *education* of the *deaf-mutes* the next time he came to Atlanta to preach.

A good but curious story is told by a correspondent from St. Louis as follows: "Jabez Mulholland, who is related to Roddy Mulholland, at present surving Jabez, and who died 3 years ago, was born on the 4th of July,——. On that day, 1880, there sat Roddy lonely on a chair in front of his house and the door opened, when he was surprised at something that gave him an alarm of a noise. On an examination, he was frightened to see his brother's portrait which fell on the floor from the wall. It was then six o'clock in the evening, and it was his birthday." Such was a curious thing. What had done was a mystery. The portrait was not much damaged, notwithstanding, a little damage was done on the face of the deceased. The deceased was a boss painter, and used to employ from one to three deaf-mutes when in need of help. He was largely known among the mutes of St. Louis. Roddy is the celebrated pantomimist for Humpty-Dumpty. He is the pattern mark of the late G. L. Fox, who was a clown.

The child daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Houston, of Frankford, Phil., was baptized by the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, in St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 13th. There was a very large number of deaf-mutes present to witness the ceremony. Some mutes brought their speaking friends with them. The occasion was a very interesting one, and everybody seemed much interested. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was assisted in the ceremony by Rev. Mr. Syle, the pastor of the church. Among the strangers present were Prof. Gallaudet, President of the Deaf-Mute College at Washington, D. C., a brother of the Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, Prof. Gallaudet, was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Houston, who were very glad indeed to have the honor of making his acquaintance. The child was very quiet and good in the church, and did not cause the least trouble. The child's name is Henrietta Eugenia Houston. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Houston will bring up their child in the way it should go, so that when it is old it will not depart from it.

Stillness—a silent person.

Oscar Perrigo, the bigamist, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

George Porter, of the New York Institution, visited friends in Newark, N. J., last week.

Arthur L. Thomas, of Catskill, N. Y., has returned to school at the New York Institution.

Wonders will never ceases. "Mr. Spy" shook hands with "Hieronymus" and gave him a cigar.

Miss Emily Boothby and Miss Bella C. Flagg will attend the Levee at Worcester, if nothing prevents.

"Bob Anderson's" chums, at the New York Institution, would like to have him come up on Washington's birthday.

It is expected that a large number of old graduates will attend the Masquerade Party to be given at the New York Institution, on the evening of Washington's Birthday.

A Rochester woman who had been dumb for eight years, suddenly regained her speech last week. That's the way it goes—a man can never have any peace.—*Syracuse Times*, Feb. 6.

Cincinnati *Inquirer*, of February 11th:—"A special from Indianapolis says that John Breen, a suspected felon and vagrant, was captured by the police this morning and incarcerated. Doubtless he was the Philadelphia chap."

Chas. D. Edmonston's mother's great grandfather came from France before the Revolutionary War, and settled in Trenton, N. J. He gave the ground, to build the State house on. He was William Yeard. His son, James Yeard, was an officer in the Revolutionary War.

George Johnson, a West Salem (Ohio) *Monitor* compositor, is getting along nicely in spirits and health. He has a permanent situation in the *Monitor* office. It is currently reported on authority by friends coming from his place that the lady whom he intends to make his future wife is a sweet-looking, handsome and talented girl. Go ahead, Geo.

A short time ago, several deaf-mutes, of Belfast, Me., sent a note of injuiry to Mr. Byron A. Brown, asking him if he would be willing to have a number of deaf-mutes meet at his house on the first Sunday in February. They were cordially invited to come. His wife made great preparations for their reception, but was sorely disappointed that the expected visitors did not appear on the day appointed.

I read your JOURNAL of last week, and found my name mentioned in the Itemizer as a Painter earning 85 cents, a day. Now, what I want to say, is this that my old "Chum" (John Francis Donnelly) must be very near sighted, for I wrote to him and told him I got $1.85 a day. And now can you blame me for feeling indignant. Put yourself in my place, and I guess you can't. Put this as it is in the JOURNAL, and oblige.

FRED SMITH.

The Rev. Job Turner had a long and tiresome journey from Atlanta to Augusta, Ga. His object in going there was to find out the whereabout to, of Mrs. Geo. Homer's relatives *at her request*. His mission was successfully carried out and reported to Mrs. Homer by mail. He found her relatives in the land of the living. Afterwards he had the unspeakable of pleasure of meeting four of his old Staunton friends in Augusta, and had a long and pleasant chat with them.

Miss Morgan, of Watertown, N. Y., left that city last fall without letting her silent friends know where she was to be for the winter, she was naturally supposed to be spending the winter, in Brooklyn, N. Y., as she said, she would be there every winter as long as she lived. Her friends will be glad to know that she is spending the winter with Mrs. Lansing, at Three Mile Bay, N. Y., eighteen miles from Watertown. She must be enjoying herself hugely, but her friends presume, she is trying to avoid being seen by a class to which she belongs.

Mr. Wessie Johnson, of West Salem, O., whose item was published last week, and whose first name, George, was mentioned, is now clerking for his father, who is proprietor of the Commercial House. He used to work at the case for a long time, but recently quit his trade. He is one of the most popular and handsome young men of West Salem, and his father has received a liberal patronage from his numerous friends, who congregate in his Hotel. His father is a man af comfortable means. His name George, as published last week, was an error.

The annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Cincinnati Eye, Ear and Throat Infirmary was held at their rooms at Bacon building, on Feb. 3, when Dr. S. H. Buckner reported the total number of cases during the year 1880, ending Dec. 31, 1880: Disease of the ear, 219.—*Cincinnati Commercial*—No doubt there was an increase of pupils in attendance in the schools for deaf-mutes, nothwithstanding the lack of room in Columbus. Prof, McGregor, no doubt, will have to get more appropriations to increase the room for the benefit and comforts of the mute pupils.—*Cor.*

While en route to St. Louis, one cold night last week, Rev. Mr. Mann met with a most thrilling experience. The train was flying along at a high rate of speed, when, suddenly, through a broken rail, three cars left the track. After a fearful jolting on the cross-ties, causing a shower of broken glass, a scattering of coal and ashes, a promiscuous tumbling about of passengers, and other incidents, the cars went down an embankment into deep snow. The forward car turned completely over and several passengers were seriously, but not fatally, hurt. Mr. Mann was in another car which did not turn over. Though well shaken up, he was not hurt. After a while the passengers, hurt and unhurt, were gathered into the baggage-car, and taken to Bellefontaine, Ohio, and cared for by the railroad authorities. Most of them resumed their journey by the next train. Mr. Mann was able to meet his appointments in St. Louis on the Sunday following.

Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes.

The trustees of the New England Industrial-School for Deaf-Mutes, located at Beverly, found the Institution, at their annual visiting yesterday, in excellent condition. The school and home were begun by the personal energy of Mr. W. B. Swett, a deaf-mute, formerly of Marblehead, hardly three years ago, and so far has been chiefly supported by private aid. There are 10 deaf-mute children under instruction, and more are to be received as soon as suitable provision can be made for them. Aside from the support derived from the farm connected with the home, about $1500 has been received from various sources during the past year.—*Boston Herald*, Feb. 8.

Fred. Smith and Mr. Samuel will attend the Worcester Levee.

Mr. John Francis Donnelly will attend the Worcester Levee.

At the last service in St. Louis, Rev. Mr. Mann baptized three children.

Chas. D. Edmonston's mother's ancestor, Benjamin Fish, was the first owner of a steamboat in Trenton and the Amboy R. R., in N. J.

Mr. Simpson's school at St. Louis, Mo., numbers 37 pupils. Miss Sylvia A. Chapin, a recent graduate of the Illinois Institution, is an assistant teacher.

Mr. E. T. Smith began a Bible Class of adult deaf-mutes, at Grace Church, Cleveland, O., on Sunday February 6th. This class will meet a greatly needed want.

Mr. John Breen is still in Cincinnati, O., doing very well in every respect. He talks about going home as soon as possible. He said, he would not like to leave the Queen City.

Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb.

[*Correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.*]

FREDERICK, MD., Jan. 25, 1881.

The Board of visitors for the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb held their semi-annual meeting at the institution at this place to-day. Full reports were made by the executive committees, treasurer, principal and special committees. There are at present in the institution 88 pupils, a large majority of whom are males. The progress of the scholars as indicated at the late examination is stated to be very satisfactory. One of the pupils of this school, Wm. A. Trundel, of Fredrick County, who was recently admitted to Columbia College, is represented to have passed the best examination of any applicant ever received there, and another young man, Master Veditz, of Baltimore city, who also entered said college from the Maryland Institution, is regarded as one of the brightest and most talented young men in the country. The health of the children is reported as unexceptionally good, there being no single case of sickness during the year. The new steam pipes and radiators lately introduced throughout the building gave entire satisfaction during the recent cold weather. The cost of support for the fiscal year, ending September 30th, 1880, was considered unprecedentedly low, being $22,482.18, or several thousands less than previous years. About $5,000 were expended in improvements.

Behind the footlights.

Time—Saturday, Febuary 5th, 7:30 P. M.

Place—Chapel, Indiana Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

Piece—A selection from Pinafore. "His sisters and his cousins and his aunts." "Admiral Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B."—Oscar Osborn; "Ralph Rackstraw"—Charley Pence; "Josephine"—Miss Lizzie Shroyer; "Little Buttercup"—Miss E. B. Lowe; "Hebe"—"Mignon;" Mamie Nettleton, Stella Coe, Ida Jack, Sallie Briant, Anna Wachtelle and Ida Kinsley in the caste.

Tableaux—"The Yankee Courtship"—Ida Kinsley, Vina Smith and John Potmeyer.

"Commedietta"—The "Gipsy fortune teller"—Miss E. B. Lowe, Chas. Wier and "Mignon"

Recitation.—"The apple thief," by Master Frank Coker.

Tableaux.—"The bachelor's dream," Bachelor—S. J. Vail, "Cupid"—*la petite* Rosa Koon; "Going skating,"—Anna Wachtelle; "Opera goers,"—Miss Lizzie Shroyer and "Mignon;" "Broadway dasher,"—Stella Coe; "Modesty," Minnie Thompson; "Pink and white tyranny,"—Miss E. B. Lowe; "Inveterate coquette,"—Mamie Nettleton; "Going shopping,"—Ida Jack; "Lady's maid,"—Vina Smith; "Madame Whine,"—Sallie Briant; "Poor tired school ma'am"'—Emma White; "Sweet simplicity,"—Ida Kinsley; (all in costume).

Recitation—"Casabianca,"—Charles Edwin Steinwender.

"Mr. Toodles in search of a wife,"—a farce. "Mr. Toodles,"—S. J. Vail; "Mother Goose"—"Mignon;" "Widow Bedot,"—Miss Lizzie Shroyer; "Giggles"—Miss E. B. Lowe; "Kitty Bantam"—Anna Wachtelle; "Eatin apple,"—Stella Coe; "Miss Stuckup, 304 Vine"—Mamie Nettleton; "Awful bashful"—Minnie Thompson; "Awful tall"—Lizzie Sprong; "Miss Take-it-cool"—Ida Jack; "Patch your coat"—Emma White; "The right one"—Sallie Neff.

Pantomime—"The whiskey bottle," by "Master Frank Coker."

"Comedy"—"Mrs. Stanley receiving calls;" "Mrs. Stanley"—Miss N. S. Hiatt; "Miss May Stanley" her eldest daughter—"Mignon;" Kitty Stanly, her "her youngest daughter—Stella Coe; Harry Stanley, her son just home from "Harvard,"—Charlie Dantzer.

Concluded with a laughable farce entitled "The spelling class."

THEATRICAL NOTES, ETC., ETC.

It was a grand success.

The costumes were both beautiful and elegant; all "home talent."

"His sisters, his cousins and his aunts" brought down the house.

There were a goodly number of gentlemen and ladies present from the city.

Charlie Pence was just immense in the role of "Ralph Rackstraw."

"Little Buttercup" looked awfully cute. Sorry, sorry, her "Y. L." didn't get a peep.

"Josephine" was elegant in old gold and velvet. Of course there is one who sings, "I know a maiden fair to see."

"Admiral Sir Joseph" made quite a "hit."

Stella Coe was equal to "Lotta." Her talent for acting is wonderful.

John Potmeyer, of the Senior class, was A No 1 in the role of "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

"Mrs. Stanley's" laces, dainty cap, pansies, and lavender ribbons set her off too beautifully.

The spelling class of ye olden time was too ridiculous for any use. Everyone laughed untill they could laugh no more.

Charlie Weir, as "Lavender kids," and Al Berg as "Richard Dasher," were "tip-top" when they called on "Misses May and Kitty Stanley."

Mamie Nettleton personified "Florence St. Vincent" to perfection.

Ida Kinsley, *alias* "Miss Hoity Toity," was as pretty as a picture.

Emma White would make an original "Topsy." In good sooth we've got enough *amateur* artists to start a "Star Deaf-Mute Company."

ADDITIONALS.

"The 'legal notice' was read. Ahem! we would ask.
Wherefore utter, pen, and print it? 'twas a most superfulous task!"

"'Or anything else in particular, or in general, that's bad enough and down-right rude.
"'Bards' for all their lofty, talk are not a gentlemanly brood."

A new pupil by the name of Foland, was taken suddenly ill last week, and died Sunday evening. The remains were taken to Kokomo for interment.

"The investigasing committee" composed of three "Rep." and two "Dem.," are investigating: The Insane Hospital, The Reformatory for girls. The Blind Institution and "Castle Old."

"Who blabbed," is the absorbing question "among a great many." They all protest "I didn't."

Miserable, rainy, foggy, moggy, muddy weather, at present writing. Umbrellas, overshoes and waterproofs, about give out.

More anon,

MIGNON.

INDIANAPOLIS, Feb. 8, 1881.

Special Circular.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., February 1, 1881.

As heretofore announced, the *Lower* Preparatory Class in this College will be discontinued after the current collegiate year, and the class hitherto known as the Advanced Preparatory will be hereafter designated as the Introductory.

The Faculty are extremely desirous that all young men coming to Washington with the expectation of entering College may be prepared to sustain the necessary examinations.

To this end it is proposed to furnish, on application, specimen examination papers in the several studies in which examinations will be required for admission to the Introductory Class, so that it may be determined, before an applicant for admission to College leaves the Institution where he is making his preparation, whether or not he is likely to be able to sustain the entrance examinations.

Requests for such specimen questions should be addressed to the President of the College.

For admission to the Introductory Class, applicants will be examined in Political Geography, Physical Geography (Houston's preferred), History of the United States (Higginson's preferred), The Elements of Natural Philosophy (Well's preferred), English Grammar (Kerl's Common-School Grammar preferred), History of England, Berard's as far as chapter XXXI, and Arithmetic (Eaton's Grammar-School Arithmetic preferred).

In each of the above-named studies a full knowledge of the subject will be expected, and the importance of a thorough grasp of arithmetic, not only in the ability to perform examples, but also to explain principles and give reasons for processes, is most ernestly urged.

Teachers who are preparing young men to enter the Introductory Class are reminded that the study of Algebra and Latin is *commenced* with this class. *No time*, therefore, need be taken for these studies before coming to Washington, except with aspirants to the Freshman Class.

An *actual command* of English is *essential* to the successful pursuit of even a limited course of study in College, and applicants are urged to bear this in mind at *every point* of their work of preparation.

It is hoped that hereafter few will present themselves for admission to College who will be found, on examination, unprepared to enter the Introductory Class. However, in order to provide for such young men as may be actually unable to prepare elsewhere for this class, arrangements have been made for their admission into the Primary Department of our Institution, where they will have an opportunity of completing their preparation for College.

E. M. GALLAUDET,
PRESIDENT.

Deaf and Dumb Institution of Indiana.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says, on the 11th inst., "An investigation of the management of the State Deaf and Dumb Institution, since it had been under Democratic control, is in progress before a Legislative Committee. Dr. W. H. Latham, who for twenty-eight years has been a teacher of deaf-mutes and is employed at the Institute, states that the teachers in charge were less capable than formerly. He attributes this to the stringent economy practiced, and the salaries of efficient teachers having been reduced from $1,800 to $1,500, and several capable teachers having either left or been discharged during the past two years. His opinion was that an institution of that kind could not be successfully managed if controlled by politcial influence, because experienced teachers could not be obtained to fill vacancies unless they knew that they were likely to be retained. He said too many children were being taught in the different classes, and the number of speaking male teachers had been reduced from six to three during the last year.

FANWOOD.

Visit of Dr. Gillett.

FALL OF A METOR.

Weather Queries.

RETURN OF TWO TEACHERS FROM THE SOUTH.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

The picture of the National Deaf-Mute College, which was presented to the Institution by the President of the College, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, has been hung in a conspicuous place in the High Class school room. The College buildings are much admired, and many were surprised to find that the college was such a magnificent building. The College, Chapel and refactories and the Columbia Institution were all included in the picture. The High Class wish to express their thanks to Dr. Gallaudet, as they have long wished to see a picture of the college.

Mr. G. C. W. Gamage, has entirely recovered from the lameness caused by the accident which occured to him last week, and "Richard's himself again."

A little before six o'clock last Thursday morning a large and brilliant meteor of a golden color was seen in the western sky. It seemed to fall perpendicularly from the zenith and was in sight about eight seconds. Several fragments separated from the main body as it fall.

Miss Blauvelt, who was a supervisor in this Institution five or six years ago, but left to take a similar position in the Rome Institution under Principal Nelson, when he left this Institution to take that place, paid us a visit last week. She is now residing at Nyack on the Hudson. Her visit was necessarily short, but we hope to see her again, and hope she will stay longer than she did last time.

Last Monday, Feb. 7th, while the pupils of the second division were assembled in the chapel, Dr. Gillett, the Superintendent of the Illinois Institution was introduced to those present. He made a few short remarks, and among other things he said, though his Institution was not able to rival the New York Institution in numbers, yet he hoped to be able to rival her in sending forth pupils who are ready to fight the battle of life, and support themselves and not be objects of charity. After chapel, he made a tour of both the Educational and Administrative Departments.

A sudden change has taken place in the weather, which has for the past two months blown a regular "blizzard." The charge was first observed last Monday. And commenced in a tremendous downpour of rain, which washed away nearly all the snow in exposed places. Those who had sleds, began thinking of the jolly time, they would have when the water froze, and upon waking next morning they found the whole hill was a perfect mass of mud. The snow has been steadily melting ever since Monday, and if it continues, we hope to see nothing of the once "beautiful snow" in a week or two. The condition of the city streets is simply awful, and in crossing a street, one is thankful if he don't leave his rubbers behind, or sink knee deep in the slush.

Word from the Upper Hudson says the ice is breaking up, and before long we will see huge ice fields go floating down to be smashed to pieces by the boats.

Mrs. F. D. Clarke, wife of Prof. Clarke, teacher of the First Class in this Institution and Miss Montgomery, a teacher in this Institution, who started for Florida a few weeks ago for the benefit of the latter's health, have both returned. The former contracted a severe cold on the voyage, while the latter completely recovered her health, and felt so well that she resumed her duties the next day.

Preparations for the Masquerade on Washington's Birthday are going forward in first class style; and as we have said before, the affair promises to be a regular "buster."

John Herman, your classmates are sorry to hear of your intention not to return, but hearing that you have got a first-class position, they all wish you success.

The general health here is good, all the pupils, who were down on the sick list having entirely recovered.

The school hours, which during the months of December and January were shortened to 4 P.M., on account of the darkness, have been lengthened, and school now keep in till 5 o'clock. The lectures which formerly took place in the morning from 8 to 9 are now given in the afternoon from 4 to 5.

The number of pupils were present in the Institution exclusive of the Mansion House and Tarrytown branch up to date are 498.

H. Q.

2-11-81.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

Balmy Breezes.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

New Specimens.

"ANGELO AND RAEFFELO."

From our Washington Correspondent.

Our weather is being discussed with more interest than is usually taken in such bare topics. For the past week, a continuance of warm weather has had a very salutary effect in removing the last vestiges of a vigorous winter. The genial temperature has presented the first opportunity for some weeks to put aside the Ulster and bend on the short sack, for the regular "constitutional." The afternoon promenades have been enjoyed with a genuine zest quite noticeable. The *National Republican* remarks this fact in a recent item in which it daubs H. St the "Silent Promenade" because it is the students' favorite walking grounds. In the night time, however, it is risky on account of the fogs which sweep down on the city, and render pedestrianism somewhat uncertain.

The serenity of our daily lives has kept a place with the calm aspect of the weather, no blustering events of importance having occurred to disturb our equanimity. Yet a slight breeze was created a few days since which threatened to end in a pitched battle —with snow balls. There are certain students whose dignity is so high that it's pretty difficult to find out where they store it. A number of these young fellows had a rather tough time previous to the disappearance of the snow. It has been the habit of a couple of rollicking young chaps to make every student returning from his daily "constitutional," to run a gauntlet of snow balls in attempting to reach the main hall. Most of us took it good humoredly, but a few got their backs up and wanted to knock day light out of those who had insulted their dignity. However, their "dig" fell before the shower of snow balls, and won't probably rise again soon. It is but right that they who win the passage should have their fun for their trouble.

NEW SPECIMENS.

Wednesday, a choice collection of rock specimens arrived from the University of Rochester. They form a most important addition to the museum, and will be of much use to the class in Geology. Prof. Chickering has arranged them in a very attractive manner on their case, with titles, locality, etc. The chemical laboratory has also been enlarged by the addition of necessary chemical apparatus, the want of which has long been felt.

Our fourth lecture of the faculty course, and one which has proved the best thus far, was delivered by Prof. Porter in the Lyceum this evening. The subject was

"ANGELO AND RAEFFELO,"

and was an artistic gem of peculiar interest. In order to illustrate his subject to advantage, the professor had arranged a rare collection of his subjects' cartoons on the walls, and they presented a beautiful spectacle. Beginning his discourse with Angelo, the lecturer gave a graphic account of the great master's life. His early career as an artist and final success were faithfully portrayed. Next a history of the works which have made his name famous were given. Among these were described "Les Grimpeurs," "Gainmede," the Mausoleum for Leo X., the "Last Judgment," and his architectural works as seen in the Church of St. Peter. After paying a high tribute to the grandeur and sublimity of Angelo's style, the lecturer made a pleasant transition to the other half of his discourse. He explained why Raphael has been acknowledged the prince of painters, and his excellence as an architect. The copies of Raphael's works exhibited were "Saina Michel Victorieux du Demon," "La Belle Jardiniers," "Sancta Cecilia," "Dresden Madonna," "Madonna of the chair," "Marriage of Joseph and Mary," and his last work, "The Transfiguration."

The discourse was witnessed by a large and most appreciative audience, who voted it one of the best they have attended.

The fact that St. Valentine's day is approaching, is becoming evident among us. It is not strange that so many of the students are interested in this yearly love exchanging occasion, and doubtless many of them are going to make the best of it. We know a few who are bent on celebrating the day in an appropriate way, and their sweethearts will find them extremely sweet in amatory sentiments.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, Feb. 11, 1881.

COLUMBUS.

FIRE! FIRE!! WHICH MIGHT HAVE PROVED DISASTROUS TO THE TINDER-BOX CALLED THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR DEAF-MUTES, HAD IT NOT BEEN DISCOVERED SOONER — TEACHERS' MEETING, AND THE LEGISLATORS THREATENED WITH AN EXHIBITION—THE "B.'S" SOCIABLE, AND WHO LOOKED IN ON THEM —SUPT. AND MRS. PERRY ARRIVE AT NEW ORLEANS OK, AND START FOR CUBA—PERSONAL—FRED METTENBERGER COMES TO THE SURFACE AGAIN—BEWARE OF HIM—THE KIND OF WEATHER "NEW PROB" IS GIVING THE BUCKEYES.

Soon after seven o'clock last evening fire was discovered in the schoolroom of Miss Frost, situated on the ground floor, second door from the last entrance of the building. An alarm was immediately sent in for the City Fire Department which responded promptly and succeeded in extinguishing the flames before doing further damage than the loss of a teacher's desk, scorching the ceiling and woodwork of the room badly.

The origin of the fire is enshrouded in mystery, as the room had been unoccupied since half-past twelve o'clock.

Several theories are advanced as to how the fire got started. The room is heated by what is known as steam coil or radiator. Near it stood the desk, used by the teacher, containing, it is said, in one of its drawers, some matches, which some believe became ignited from the heat given off by the radiator. In our opinion, this seems hardly possible.

Another cause assigned to it, is that the servant who cleans the room up, left her broom and some rubbish standing too near the radiator which thus became heated, and were the cause or the fire.

Others believed that some of the pupils got into the room through the windows which had been left unfastended, lighted matches in their endeavors to find something, and had carelessly threw them into the watse-basket, which stood under the desk without seeing that they were extinguished, and thus set fire to the trash it contained.

But from whatever cause the fire got started, we can feel thankful that it occurred at the time it did, and that the damage resulting from it is no greater. Had it taken place later in the night, when everybody was asleep, there is no telling what the consequences would have been. Fearful, indeed, to life and property! For the whole building is nothing more than a mere tinder-box and if the flames should once gain much headway it would have to be given up to the fiery elements.

The first regular meeting of the teachers for the month was held Monday evening last, with Mr. A. B. Greener as "scribe," having been elected to the position previously held by Mr. Talbot at a special meeting, held prior to Mr. Perry's departure.

After hearing reports and discussing matters pertaining to the school, the subject of giving an exhibition before the General Assembly in the near future was brought up by the Acting Superintendent.

A general interchange of views as to the time, the kind to be given, and the number of teachers who should be assigned to the task in getting it up, was had. I was finally agreed to get up some sort of an entertainment for the State's Solons, and for this purpose a committee of four teachers, with the Superintendent as chairman, was appointed to prepare a programme of exercises to be presented on the occasion, and report at the next meeting to be held on the 21st inst.

The "B's" had their second sociable for the term on Tuesday evening last and as is usual on such occasions, enjoyed themselves right heartily. Representatives Scott, of Jefferson, and Leggett, of Carroll, with some of their friends, were among those who were present. After the sociable, there was a select gathering in the Library Room, where Mr. M. G. Raffington held forth for half an hour or more in giving amusing stories in clear and elegant pantomime, which were drank in with unusual delight by the visitors, who were unaccustomed to such readings.

According to newspapers reports, the steamer "Golden Crown," upon which Supt. and Mrs. Perry took passage, reached New Orleans, Monday, P.M. Mr. and Mrs. Perry, no doubt had an opportunity to witness a large portion of the city inundated, caused by the recent overflow of the river there. A letter from Mrs. Perry this morning states that they left New Orleans Tuesday, for Cuba, and from there are to go direct to Jamaica.

Miss Shrom arrived at the Institution Saturday last, with health much improved, receiving a hearty welcome back. On Monday, she resumed her duties as teacher, taking the youngest class, while Mrs. Halse is assigned to the one formerly taught by Miss Woofter.

Mr. Marion Littleton, of Bellaire, was at the Institution Saturday evening on his way to Cincinnati. He informed us that Fred. Mettenberger, better known as the "Tramp of the Improved Order," had recently been over at his home, and as is his custom, endeavored to borrow money on false pretenses, such as owning property in other portions of the state, and promising to pay back what he borrowed in a short time with a high rate of interest, when in fact he has not anything in the world except check of the meanest kind. Mr. Littleton had heard of the "Tramp's" doings through the JOURNAL and was wise enough not to acceed to his demands, though out of pity allowed him to remain in his house over night, as the fellow was penniless. For Fred. Mettenberger, personally, we don't care a continental, and would not have mentioned him here, but we have the welfare of the mutes at heart, and it is for this reason that we have spoken of this fellow's doings again, in order that those to whom he comes asking for the loan of money, may know that if they accommodate him, they are doing favors to a shiftless and worthless person who never intends to return what he receives, despite his promises. He should long ago have been sent to the penitentiary, and we hope, if he continues in his disreputable practices much longer, he will be summarily dealt with.

Our weather predictions of last week were all knocked end wise by "New Prob," for a time. Monday, warm and spring like weather set in, followed by a heavy rain, and than which had the effect of taking off all the snow and ice which we have had more or less since the middle of December. To-day, a blustering wind, accompanied by a heavy snow storm, came upon us, and the indications are that another spell of cold weather has come to make us feel miserable.

The last issue of the *Silent World*, of Toronto has arrived containing a likeness of Principal Widd and a cut of the Mackay Institution, Montreal.

Its unknown editor thinks that we were "too fast" in disclaiming that the *Silent People* was one of the best papers ever published for deaf-mutes. We don't care to go into a discussion as to the merits and demerits of the paper in question. But as the editor has somewhat modified his statement, or made it more plain by stating that the *Silent People* was published as a *religious paper* and as such was the best of its kind, we are willing to allow it the honor claimed for it.

COLUMBUS.

2–12–'81.

MINNESOTA NEWS AND FACTS.

"The snow, the snow, the boat-full o' snow," makes us rave and tear our hair. It has snowed so much that the trains on the Chicago and Milwaukee road have been suspended. Last night a passenger train, after struggling through the snow all the way from St. Paul, got stuck about three miles south of Faribault and there it will stay, I suppose, till the sun takes in a little more coal and converts the drifting elements to water.

Saturdays are too often stormy to the great digust of two of our boys who have been waiting anxiously for four weeks to have their pictures taken. They, of course, have not a very high opinion of winter.

The roof of the skating rink gave way to the unrelenting vigor of Old Boreas, assisted by the immense fall of snow a few days ago. As the accident happened in the night and nobody being in the rink, no bones were doomed to crack with the ice.

Two of our lady teachers hired a horse and cutter for a little drive, one afternoon last week. Considering the depth of the snow, we were not surprised when they heaped a lot of abuse on the devoted head of old Dobbin. In short, we firmly believe he would make a terrible resolve to do better in future, if he could only hear them express their opinions.

The classes in Visible Speech are making surprising progress this term. If any of the readers of the JOURNAL have deaf and dumb mules, let them send them along, and in less than three months the owner will be surprised to receive a note, something like the following: I have pleasure in reporting to you that your son has made rapid progress in the use of his tongue since he entered school. His dear father can justly be proud of him even if he is a mule. But before any are forwarded, the owner must pay freight charges and consider himself responsible for all articles of furniture that come in contact with the heels of the friend of Balaam.

The sooner spring comes around, the better for the boys. They have already begun to talk of base ball, and the glory of vanquishing the town clubs. Least they spoil their balls by beginning too early, it is advisable for "Old Sol" to pour his unmerciful rays upon us very soon.

There is not a vestige of the Christmas presents in view, so completely have they been used, and perhaps too completely for their welfare, as their appearance some weeks ago seemed to tell. Hence, as there remains nothing to remind us of days gone by, we employ ourselves of days to come.

The examinations are drawing near, and woe to the thoughtless fellow who has occupied himself by writing *billets-doux* and reading the answers when he ought to be looking after his square root which he innocently thinks is the root of all evil.

Agreeing as I do with "Mr. Why," that "it would be funny to see Supt. Noyes become a light weight," I fear he (Mr. W.) will not derive any fun in that direction. Mr. Why's letters are eagerly sought at each arrival of the JOURNAL, and there are very few who have any doubts as to who he is. If any curious readers will send "Renville" his address, and a 3-cent stamp, he will receive, by mail, the full name of "Mr. Why." Everybody likes his sentiments, but many believe he is too hard on some persons in his "Things that would be funny to see," and no doubt there are several who are very anxious to settle accounts with him, and it seems reasonable that they should send a 3-cent stamp in order to find out who he is, least they crack an innocent man's cranium.

The fifth monthly pupils' social took place in the chapel on Saturday evening, the 5th. It was well attended and greatly enjoyed, only one of the pupils being absent. An exercise in gymnastics was given by the boys for the amusement of the guests. The manoeuvres were given with such uniformity and precision as to make the boys appear to get their actions from a single and invisible source. The usual routine then took place, and the noise made was sufficient to make the thoughtful spectator silently thank his lucky stars that the building was a strong one.

Several of the boys are greatly elevated over the appearance of something on their upper lips. In order to convince ourself that anything actually exists on said spots, we were obliged to use Caddie Washburne's microscope. The result of the explorations were satisfactory to some, unsatisfactory to others, according to the state of the weather.

More anon.

RENVILLE.

An Explanation, with a few Arguments.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Others besides Miss Fuller may have thought from my silence and opposition to the "Leap year Proposal" that I have deserted the ladies college subject. Such not being the case, I ask room in your paper for an explanation.

In the first place, as Miss Fuller's plan of operation seemed to meet the most favor, I thought it best to say nothing because if I did, it would be in direct opposition, and being a friend of the enterprise, I did not any obstruction in the way. I said at the beginning, and still adhere to that belief, that it was impossible to succeed through private subscriptions, unless some wealthy citizen should make the fund a large donation, and that after it was established, it could not be maintained unless the students defrayed their own expenses, or it was fostered by the government.

Secondly, as the *young* ladies took so little interest in the subject, I had come to the conclusion I had been deluded, and had laboured for naught, and I of course would not advocate a measure not wanted. However I now believe that the necessity is greater than the demand, and it will not be long before the opposers of the scheme will be convinced that the silence of the young ladies was not caused by their not wanting a college. A project is on foot for ascertaining the number of young ladies that would attend if such an institution was established, and I am inclined to think the number will not fall short of the present number of young men attending this college.

Thirdly, as the discussion has drifted into what should be studied etc., (and we may add, what the state institutions should do), it is obvious that it would be impropriety for a person in my situation to speak as older persons would do. Besides I am averse to controversies with deaf-mutes simply because they usually become personal. I cite, for instance, the "Milo-Dougherty Wrangle," which was akin to the present discussion; also an unladylike attack more upon a friend of ours by "Wisconsin Girl graduate." I would not be so reticent if any one had made an assault on my arguments.

The friends of the enterprise have no reason, and should not desert the cause on account of the opposition raised, for it is only by persistent efforts that obstacles an overcome, and any great good is accomplished. Even, should the college prove a failure, the arguments will have beneficial results; it may be the cause of bringing about a radical and necessary change in the State Institutions. If all the State Institutions had as high and thorough a grade as the New York Institutions claim to have, there would be no necessity for a college,—not even for the boys.

This may account for so few attending this college from New York, in proportion to some of the smaller states. Under the present educational laws of some of the States, which limit the number of years a pupil is allowed to attend school, it is impossible to establish higher classes. And would it not be less trouble and more successful and as beneficial to petition Congress for a college than to petition the States to change their laws? If it had not been for this obstacle, I would have advocated higher classes in the Institutions instead of a college.

From what I have heard, and before I learned anything definite about this college. I did not cherish any higher opinion of it, and it was only through the efforts of one of its honored graduates that I was induced to try it; and now I am convinced of its usefulness as all knowing and impartial persons will admit. This will doubtless be the case with many of those who oppose the proposed Ladies College, should it ever prove a reality. If a college education (*i.e.*, book knowledge) makes fools of people, as some of your correspondents would have us believe, then, has not the nineteenth century produced more fools than the world ever before knew, and is it not time for the Creator to put a stop to this wholesale degradation of His children?

So far, Prof. Emery has made the best arguments in favor of the college, but we do not quite agree with him in his cooking ideas, etc. It would look too much like making *servants* of the young ladies, and with that impression they would steer clear of such an institution.

When the canvass above mentioned is completed, and it is proved that there is no demand for a ladies college, I will let the subject take a "Rip Van Winkle sleep," but until then, I will remain as before.

C. W. CARRAWAY.

KENDALL GREEN, 2. 5. '81.

REPLY TO "MR. SPY."

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Lo! comes a fellow who calls himself "Mr. Spy." He thought it uncumbent (?) upon himself to make known to the public a fact that the election of Mr. John Ziegler to the Local Committee is not satisfactory to the mutes of his city. But what made you, "Mr. Spy," disclose the fact? Was it not through your personal motives? Was it for your own benefit? Or was it for the benefit of Mr. Zeigler? Since "Mr. Spy" seems to try to cast a stain on the character of the unfortunate gentleman, we will lay before the public the record of Mr. John Zeigler as a useful and vigorous man.

A full sense of duty emphatically demands not only defence but also guidance. We will first record what Mr. Zeigler has done towards carrying out the enterprise. He had for some years been thinking of projecting the same plan (which the State Committee have successfully carried out). Last year he tried to have the Clerc Literary Assocation consider, and put into execution the plan; but it was rejected, and so Mr. Zeigler suffered defeat. Yet he would not give his noble idea up. As two of the Pennsylvania students informed us they obtained an idea of the General Convention from MR. Zeiglea. As we have been told, the students told Mr. Zeigler that they were willing to take the responsibility of opening he subject to themselves. Were he a man of selfishness and narrow-mindedness, he would refuse to let his plan be taken up by others; but such was not the case, and as a gentleman, he was quite willing to let the students open the subject themselves, hoping that his original idea might be effected. What a noble trait of character! At the general meeting of the mutes of the city Mr. Zeigler was declared chairman by the Rev. Mr. Syle, without the least opposition on the part of those present. He did his duty in a most creditable manner. Eight of the most prominent mutes were nominated as candidates for the Local Committee; among them was Mr. Zeigler. Five were elected; again among them was Mr. Zeigler. Why did they vote for him, and after his election cry out against him? They cannot deny that those who voted for Mr. Zeigler are to blame for securing his election. We assure the State Committee that we, and those who have common sense, are quite satisfied with the election of such a worthy man. He is, assuredly worthy of the position he holds, and deserves it. So with the election of four other gentlemen, all of whom are remarkable for their abilities. So let all those who have common sense support the election of Mr. Zeigler.

"Mr. Spy," are you dissatisfied with the result? When Mr. Zeigler introduced his plan to the asssociation why did they not use their all powerful (?) influence in bringing about the project? We emphatically declare that the great majority of the mutes of this vast city are in favor of the election of Mr. Zeigler. Now since the noble idea has been enthusiastically approved by the majority of the mutes of this State, no opposition must be exercised, least the project of the General Convention might be retarded and embarrassed. As Mr. Zeigler was the first to open his praiseworthy idea to our minds, and these services to his brethren have been recognized as of obvious importance, and as no intelligent mute has questioned his fitness for the position, therefore he is fairly entitled to the place. The Convention will not fail for the want of the brains of him who is trying to secure the honor for himself. Mr. Zeigler has brains enough for it. If the dissatified parties are willing to lend him their valuable aid, we will certainly think better of them; but if not, they had better stay in the background. and let things take their course. The wisest and the most prudent thing they could do is to "let well enough alone." In fine, since Mr. Zeigler has thus far reflected the most credit upon our class, we emphatically record here our dissent from disposing of Mr. Zeigler, and hope that others outside of this city will record theirs.

"Mr. Spy," we hope you will continue writing for the JOURNAL for your own benefit. We shall be glad to see you act as a *spy*; but if you have not plenty of facts to support you, it would be advisable to lay aside your *goosiping* pen, since you see that we —the majority of the mutes of this vast city—laud the election of Mr. Zeigler to the sky, and we have resolved to support and defend him by all means.

DEFENDER.

Philadelphia Convention.

In order that the Philadelphia local committee may be relieved to a great extent of the trouble and labor of making arrangements for the transportion of those graduates who live off the main lines of the roads leading into that city, it has been decided to authorize the appointment of the sub local committees in the principal railroad centres of the state, viz: Pittsburg, Harrisburg, York, Allentown, Scranton, Lancaster, Atloona and Erie. These committees shall consist of three members to be appointed by the resident graduates of the cities in which they are situated, and their duties shall be to cooperate with the Philadelphia committee in arranging for the transportation of those mutes in their several districts who may desire to attend the convention, and to look after the interests general of the enterprise.

Per order of the State Committee.

S. G. DAVIDSON, *Sec'y.*

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11 1881.

Items from the City of Churches.

We have been searching all over the city for that beautiful lady mute barber, and have not succeeded in finding her yet, but we have succeeded in finding a mute gentleman barber, Mr. Patrick Carrol by name, who was educated at the N. Y. Institution. Patrick has managed the shop for more than ten years, and is really a good barber. He has plenty of customers. We wish him success.

Mr. Joseph Gettings, of Waterford, N. Y., is learning the barber trade with his brother-in-law, who keeps a large barber shop on Myrtle Ave. Joseph is said to have saved several persons from a watery grave, yet he cannot boast of even a leather medal. It is really too bad that Congress did not vote him a gold medal.

Mr. G. Pownall the mute artist on glass is succeeding finely in business. He has three men working for him and we understand he will have need of more men to keep the orders supplied. We wish him every success.

There are fifty-three female pupils at the St. Joseph Institute, No. 510 Henry St. They are all enjoying excellent health and improving in their studies.

Alex. Dezendorf has been in the hands of a physician for a long time. We are sorry he cannot get out.

Miss Hannah Henry, who is living with her recently married sister, Mrs. Gross, at No. 195 Park Ave., corner of Clermont Ave., would be pleased to have the mutes call and see her. Hannah is a perfect beauty, we would advise the mutes who can call on her to do so at once.

We have been trying to find the headquarters of "Sporting" Thomas W. Brown and his newly made wife, but have not as yet. We hear Thomas is sporting one of Callahan the Bowery Hatter's eighteen inch high hat. We wish Thomas and his wife health, happiness, prosperity, long and useful lives.

Mr. Peter Stryker, a graduate of the Philadelphia Institution, has been employed for the past fifteen years by a well known Nostrand Ave. milk dealer. Although Peter is within five of being threescore, he is as hale and hearty as a man of twoscore. He has nine cows to milk twice a day. He intends to attend the proposed Convention of the Philadelphia Mutes. The JOURNAL is a favorite with him. Now Peter, we do not believe you are the Peter who had a wife and could not keep her.

For the benefit of our esteemed friend Miss Leonora C. Gray's numerous friends and acquaintances, we will state that she has not returned here yet from Newport, Ky., but as soon as she does we will let them know. We know well Leonora is missed greatly here, and we are certain many of her friends will be disappointed in not seeing her on the evening of the 9th inst. Laddies be sure and select your lassies for Saturday night the 19th, and rally around the venerable (Graham Ave.) couple. A very enjoyable time is assured to all comers as the committee are leaving nothing undone to make this the most enjoyable social gatherings of the season.

The JOURNAL and *Lantern* are welcome visitors among our city mutes. We recommend them as the best papers published in the United States of America for our class and we ought to "sub" for them yearly.

Now, Polly wants a cracker, and we must pull down the curtain, wipe our quill and wash our inky fingers. So good-bye one and all for a while.

ROB ROY.

BROOKLYN, Feb. 12, 1881.

Forty-Fourth Street Institution.

The harmony that once characterized the "Students Literary Union" has been destroyed by a constant disagreement between the President and the members so that one cannot recognize in it the quiet Literary Society of yore. Where the real cause of the trouble lies is yet to be fathomed, and when that is done we hope justice will be dealt in the right direction and the peace and the good will of the members restored, and harmony once more reigning supreme. It was our intention to give the particulars in full, but when we imagined ourselves in the President's place, with the reins of government in our hands, and trouble and excitement among the members, we felt that we would be doing great injustice, were we to give the particulars, since we would not like it done if we were President. We therefore refrain from saying anything about the trouble, thinking *it is always best to imagine ourself in another's place and see how we would feel, if what we were going to say against him was said against us.*

Some people are in the habit of playing jokes upon the Institution as well as upon others, for the sake of the laugh it creates among their comrades, little dreaming what it may cost them at the end. Last Tuesday, a statement from Messrs. H. K. & F. B. Thurber & Co., wholesale Grocers, arrived at this Institution with the following address:

"Institution for Deaf-Cats,

"1511 Broadway,

"City."

Prof. Greenberger, instead of opening it enclosed it in an envelope and returned it with the following note:

MESSRS. H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co.

GENTLEMEN: Enclosure has just come. Please notice the address.

Yours truly,

D. GREENBERGER.

An answer to the above was received which ran:

MR. D. GREENBERGER. *Supt.*,

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of your favor of the 8th. We are glad you returned the envelope in which our statement was enclosed. The address was evidently a piece of mischief on the part of one of our young men, although he maintains it was an unintentional error. But the pleasantry has cost him his situation.

Apologizing for the dis-courtsey, and trusting you will extend us your kind indulgence in this instance, we remain

Yours truly

H. K. & F. B. THURBER & Co.

The above shows the cost of that joke played upon this Institution. Doubtless the perpetrator laughed, but he did not laugh when he saw the end. "He laughs best who laughs last." We are sorry he lost his position; but he deserved it for playing such an unchristlike joke on our class.

Deaf-Mutes, beware how you joke. If you occupy positions and wish to play a joke, *think before you act.* If you wish to play one upon any person, imagine yourself in their place and think how it would feel if it was played on you.

We give the above, hoping it will be of benefit to some of our class who are in the habit of joking—often carrying their jokes to far.

To-day the weather is entirely the opposite of what we would wish it to be, and consequently few, if any of us, wish to penetrate in the cold, drizzling rain. The boys are constantially grumbling at the weather. wishing it would clear up, that they may at least go out in the afternoon; but from present indications they will be doomed to disappointment.

ARCHIMEDES.

2-12-'81.

The College Literary Society.

At a regular business meeting of the Literary Society, held on Saturday morning, February 5th, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted by a majority vote:—

WHEREAS, A communication from the Secretary of this Society, addressed to Mr. Geo. M. Grummond, acquainting him of a resolution passed by the society regarding the payment of debts has been replied to with a most insulting epithet, and

WHEREAS, Such a reply is most abusive to this organization as a body, and was uncalled for under the circumstances of the case; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That the name of Geo. M. Grummond, be consigned to the black list of this society.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolutions be forwarded for publication to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL and the Michigan *Mirror*.

GEO. T. DOUGHERTY,
President.

THOS. F. FOX, *Secretary, S. L. S.*

N. D. M. College,
Washington, D. C., Feb. 10, 1881.

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due, you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, daddy; bills are not always paid when they are due." The agonized father trembled lest his hopeful son should be suddenly snatched from him.

A boyish novice in smoking turned deadly pale, and threw away his cigar. Said he, "Thar's sumthin' in that air cigar that's made me sick." "I know what it is," said a companion, pulling away. "What?" "Tobacker."

Some one asserts that the nightingale is the most human bird in existence. He leaves off singing and goes to croaking as soon as he has a family, but if he loses his mate, he will go to singing cheerfully till he finds another mate.

The mother of a bright little girl was in the habit curing the little one's hurts and bruises by kissing the place, and adding lovingly, "Bless it, bless it." One day the little one came in with a pitiful face, hold up a hurt finger, saying, "Bless it, mamma, bless it. I asked Dod to bless it, but he is up so high I toodn't make him hear."

Blodgers came home the other evening, not perfumed like a milliner, but bearing about with him the odor of a thousand sample rooms. He took off his overcoat and threw it on the sofa, and, as his wife took it up to remove it to its proper peg in the hall, a number of peices of cracker fell on the floor. "What are these, my love?" said she, as she stoped to pick them up. "Only food for the swallows, my dear.' was his indefinite reply.—*Boston Courier.*

A blacksmith of a village in Spain murdered a man and was condemned to be hanged. The chief peasants of the place joined together, and begged the alcalde that the blacksmith might not suffer, because he was necessary to the place, which could not do without a blacksmith to shoe horses, mend wheels, etc. But the alcalde said: "How, then, can I fulfil justice?" A laborer answered: "Sir, there are two weavers in the village, and for so small a place one is enough; hang the other."

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

Indianapolis,	February	20th
Pittsburgh, (Confirmation)		27th
Cleveland,	March	6th
Dayton, O.	"	11th
Cincinnati, O.	"	13th
Delaware, O.	"	14th
Detroit, Mich.	"	20th
Jackson, Mich.	"	21st
Albion, Mich.	"	22d

Other appointments will be publishd later on.

POETRY.

BY LIZ.

He took the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
And read it o'er and o'er,
And saw how oft the deaf and dumb
Had walked the track before,
And how they got their precious necks
Snapped off—a score or more.

And as he stood beside his "jack"
And wacked the pegs that day,
He thought upon the railroad track,
And this we heard him say:—

"O, cruel, cruel railroad track,
Of you I will beware,
And never give you any chance
To comb my nice red hair,"
And then he held aloft his paw
And unto this did swear.

But on this very selfsame day,
This man—this grown adult—
Walked out upon the railroad track,
And they made him into pulp.
MORAL.
Promise not, O silent ones,
But of this track beware,
For death rides on the "cow-catcher"
To grab you by the hair,
And as he sees you trudging on,
He thinks it very funny,
And chuckling says unto himself
"Now see me catch that 'Dummy.'"
And he catches him.

Institution Gardening.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Looking over an English publication "The Garden," I came across an article headed, "School Gardening," in which the writer said: "I was pleased some time ago to see that the subject of teaching children the rudiments of flower, fruit and vegetable gardening was advocated in "The Garden." According to existing arrangements, the giving of such lessons is not practicable in our public schools, but they might easily be given in Institutions and Asylums that have large gardens and grounds attached for the purpose of supplying the establishment with hardy fruits and vegtables."

The main object should be to give the pupil a taste for gardening as a sort of amusement, so that in after years he might turn his knowledge to good account and earn a livelihood. Interesting lectures might be given from time to time by amateur horticulturists, who are always ready to forward any good work.

Gardening in its higher sense is both an art and a science. A knowledge of geology, chemistry, physiology and botany, indeed something from all human learning has gone to perfect the science of agriculture and horticulture. A contemporary with Virgil wrote: The art of husbandry is so necessary for the support of human life, and the comfortable subsistence and happiness of mankind have so great a dependence upon it, that the wisest men in all ages have inscribed its origin to God as the ordainer of it, and the wisest and most civilized nations who have best understood their true interests, have always endavoured to promote and improve it.

Cowley quaintly says: The first three men were a gardener, a plowman, and a grazier, and if any man object that the second was a murderer, I desire he would consider that as soon as he was so, he quitted our profession and turned builder.

I am well aware that to a slight extent the subject of gardening is taught at the New York Institution; but could it not be greatly enlarged in its scope?

The culture of flowers is one of the most pleasing that any one can engage in for pleasure or profit, and it is one that is in every way suitable for mutes, as nearly one half of the pupils in our Institutions are from the country, and on graduating, they return to their homes to engage in agricultural pursuits as a means of gaining a livinghood, and they are to some extent accustomed to the use of tools necessary in the art of horticulture.

The culture of bulbulous flowers, such as tube roses, gladiolus, lilies, etc., is easy. The labor and care is no greater than that of ordinary farm crops, while the return in a money view is much greater. An Institution near a large city would find it profitable to engage in the culture of the above named bulbs; not only would the flowers command a ready sale, but the mercantile bulbs would be readily brought up by large dealers for foreign export. The expenses of course, would be much lighter than those of other raisers. Of course they would have to employ a competent gardener who understands the raising of bulbous, roots and flowers. A man who is competent to give lectures on the subject as well as to thoroughly drill them in the manual details of the business.

The Reform School, of Pennsylvania, has already taken a step in this direction by engaging a thoroughly practical horticulturist at a salary of $1,500 and three assistants, and will engage in the culture of small fruits, roses and bulbs, so as to thoroughly drill the boys in the system rightly at the very first. They are having a fine library collected and a practical school attached with demonstration of Vegetable Philosophy. This is as it should be (but in spite of our boasted Yankee superiority) they do some things better in Europe than we do, and foremost among their advances is that of public instruction. To-day in Austria and Sweden there are many thousands of schools with gardens attached where instruction in gardening in its various branches is thoroughly taught. In Sweden alone there are 2000 schools of this kind, while in Austria the school law passed in 1869 provides a garden and a place of agricultural instruction in all the pertains to the soil.

The time will come when, in this country as in Europe, more attention will be paid to the subject of practically educating the masses in agriculture and horticulture in our schools than at present. Hoping that this article may be the means of realizing the necessity of more thoroughly educating our mutes in agriculture, etc., and with the wish that a little discussion may issue I am,

Very truly yours,

Q. L. I.

The Hudson Riverside Literary Association.

After of the arrival of the President Ennis, at the close of the winter holidays. a regular meeting was held for the purpose of electing new officers for the ensuing year, and which have been known of through the JOURNAL last month.

On Thursday, February 3d, at the weekly meeting an interesting debate was carried on between four members of its association. The subject being, "Which is the more preferable, Country or City life."

It was worked out by Messrs. E. H. Singer and C. D. Newton for Country, and C. W. Stowell and J. H. Donnelly for City. Country life was more favorable, and won a majority of 3.

On the next Thursday, a lecture was given on the life a young lamplighter from one of the Horatio Alger Series. This was very pleasing to the members of the association.

The lecture was not finished that evening, and before adjourning the President elected three members as committee, and they are J. H. Dobbs, J. W. Nash and E. H. Singer.

On Saturday evening, a grand reception was given to the Vice-President, Mr. Arthur L. Thomas.

Mr. Thomas had done his best to please his fellow-associates while sojourning for the benefit of his health. He had sent many different kinds of newspapers and badges, and a few other things not desirable for me to tell, as it concerns the association only.

So, on Saturday, we gave him a surprise to show him our gratitude and love of fellowship. The members enjoyed with the luxurious feast provided by the association fund, and consisted of ice cream, frosted cakes, lemonade, fruits, and a few other delicacies.

The time was spent very enjoyably.

COR. SEC'Y.

Detroit Items.

Charles Haagen, a mute shoemaker has returned from Monroe and resumed work at his trade in this city.

Preston S. Perry is no longer connected with the *Free Press* office, he having entered into an engagement with the Ready Print Co.

Christian Gottwerth, Detroit's Merry deaf-mute "butcher boy," is doing well with his father. Christian says the "old man" recently realized a "big pile" from the sudden rise in the liver stock market.

Messrs. Kolhoff, Hunter, Van Every, Thayer, Gottwerth, Fredericks and Merton, assembled to a grand Supper at Steer's dining hall a few evenings since.

Mis Ella Myers, of the 1st Academic Class, rendered the Star Spangled Banner before one of the Literary Societies of the Ohio State University last evening, and as usual won golden praise from those who witnessed it, for the wonderful manner in which she rehearsed the piece. She was the recipient of a basket of beautiful and choice flowers at the close.

Mr. Hartman, a deaf-mute of gentlemanly address, is employed in Richardson's Match Factory as a box maker.

In consequence of a great increase in business, Mr. Kolhoff has been obliged to postpone his intended trip to Indiana.

We wonder if "Mignon" has disappeared down the crater of some extinct volcano. Of late we have failed to find any of her charming epistles in the columns of the JOURNAL. What's up?

G. E. M.

DETROIT, Feb. 11, 1881.

The Manhattan Literary Association.

DEAR SIR:—Please give space to these few lines in your next week's paper. I hereby wish to make known to the public that Mr. H. D. Reaves, teacher at the New York Inst., will lecture before the Manhattan Literary Association on the 24th inst, taking Hamlet as the subject of his discourse.

We do not know whether Mr. Reaves intends to render selections from the play, or, what will be interesting, and much more instructive, give us his idea of the character etc. of the play and its hero. The character of Hamlet is certainly a study.

Mr. Reaves will give us the benefit of his extensive reading, thus doing for us, in one short evening, what it would require weeks of reading to acquire.

Equally interesting will it be to see Hamlet, in its favorite passages, portrayed by one whose signs are so graceful and expressive.

Under either condition, it will be well worth coming to see. We expect a large attendance. Come one, come all.

Respectfully

N. Y. Feb 12, 1881; F.

A man never looks so much like a redhanded villain as when he is told by the photographer to "look pleasant."

When a fellow goes out of the theatre to see a man, he eats a little burnt coffee, and always finds his man. When a woman looks under the bed for a man, she never thinks to eat any coffee, and she finds nobody.

Catawissa.

Warm weather.

More news at present.

The streets are awfully slippery and icy.

A number of persons, old and young, are afflicted with mumps, in Catawissa.

It has snowed much, but it melts fast from the effect of the rain to-day.

"Jarrad" has left "Bub" lonely, to pay a flying visit to his (both mute and speaking) friends, of Northumberland, Pa.

On the 4th inst., W. W. Swartz took the liberty of communicating to his staunch friend of "Botherly Love;" but to his surprise, Mr. Jeremiah Meyer, of Orwisburg, Pa., dropped in at Catawissa, Pa. Of course he was glad to see him on account of his being a favored classmate, whom he had not seen for nearly six years. W. W. Swartz made J. M. prolong his visit over night with him. They had a pleasant chat together about old time. J. M. informed him the distance from Orwisburg to Catawissa, by the road, was more than 100 miles. J. M. is a well to do farmer. On one occassion "Bub" began anew to urge him to subscribe for your worthy and excellent JOURNAL. He said he was very much interested to read the news, letters, etc., written brightly by your intelligent correspondents.

Enclosed you will find another draft for $1.50 for your paper, for Mr. Jeremiah Meyer, Orwigsburg, Schuylkill, Co., Pa. He is ever welcome to it.

BUB.

CATAWISSA, PA. 2-10-81.

"The Indications of Character."

As manifested in the general shape of the head and the form of the face. Illustrated. By H. S. Drayton, author of "Light in Dark Place," "Brain and Mind," etc. 12mo. Price in paper, 15 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, Publishers, 753 Broadway, New York.

This compact and neatly printed pamphlet, treats in a clear and popular style of an old subject, but discusses it in a manner quite different from what we are accustomed to. It takes physiognomy out of the realm of conjecture and speculation, and give it a scientific character; points us in fact, to rules and procedures by which character may be pratically diagnosed, and trustworthy conclusions obtained in any given case. One object of the author appears to be to show that the craniologists or phrenologists are by no means alone in the study and determination of the physical indications of character, but that scientists of prominence in Europe and America give them the weight of their authority and attention. As an introduction to the study of the physiology of the mind, it is a valuable treatise, and to those who have not the time or opportunity to pursue the subject in detail, it will be found both interesting and useful. To teachers and all who have much to do with others, old or young, it will be especially serviceable. Sent by the publisher on receipt of the price, 15 cents, in stamps.

Now, by Jove, we've got it. We're going to reform this theatre nuisance. Announcement—A big hat makes a woman look 20 years older than she is! There!—*Boston Post.*

Senior asks professor a very profound question: Professor—"Mr. W——, a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer." Senior—"Then, I suppose that's why so many of us flunk."

A little fellow lately asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was the shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

The window in a dentist's office came down and caught a cat by the tail while the proprietor was out, and fourteen people who would have waited for his return, on going up the stairs and hearing the cat's voice, decided to go home and stand the pain of the toothache.

Rev. James Hartnett preached a sermon at Davidville, Ark., on the duty of paying debts promptly. "So much for sentiment," he said, finally, "and the hard fact is that this church owes me $500, and I shall never occupy this pulpit again until it is paid."

This is the way a Chicago paper goes to work to predict a cold winter: "The erratic meteorology of the equinoctial term, the avart courier of the harassing and enfeebling cold, prognosticates with unerring precision the southward advance of the Polar wave that will eventually bind our streams in icy fetters of retentive grasp."

A fashionable lady was unexpectedly left without a servant. She undertook to make her husband a cup of coffee, but it took so long he asked what in Halifax was the matter with the coffee. "I don't know," she said, bursting into tear; "I've biled them 'ar beans for a full hour, and they ain't no softer than they was when I put 'em in the pot."

"Ever kill a man?" they asked of the tenderfoot, when he arrived at Deadwood. "Reckon I have, several," he replied. More respectful in manner they asked. "Shoot him?" "No." "Knife him?" "No." "Club him to death?" "No" "Poison?" "No, sir!" "Then how did you ever kill a man?" "Drove a butcher's cart!"—*Boston Post.*

THE HIDDEN WILL.

When they told old Ethan Van Wirt that his days were numbered the first thing he said was:

Send for Miss Work; I must see Miss Work before I die.

Singular as this demand seemed no one thought of questioning it—Miss Work was sent for.

Laura turned quite white when the strange imperative summons first came: and then she was told that he who sent was dying.

What can he want? Shall you go, asked Pauline Ruble, who was visiting her.

Oh, yes, poor old man! I am sorry for him. Certainly, I will go.

Pauline put her arm around the slight figure, and drew the golden head down upon her shoulder.

Little fool, she thought, as she caressed the fair face with her slim white hand. Of course it is something about Lewis Van Wirt.

Aloud, she said, insinuatingly: I had better go with you, dear—don't you think so? Oh, if you will! Laura cried eagerly.

Mrs. Work was quite an invalid, and could not accompany her daughter, and so she was very glad to have Pauline go with her.

As the carriage drove off with the two girls, she sank upon the couch with a thoughtful look.

It must be something about his grandson. I hope Laura won't be silly.

The ladies were shown at once into Mr. Van Wirt's apartment.

I wish to see you alone, Laura, my child, he said.

I'll wait for you in the next room, darling, Pauline volunteered promptly, and departed.

Mr. Lewis has come, sir, the servant said as she was leaving the room in obedience to an impatient gesture from his master.

Let him wait, the old man said, grimly.

It was an easy thing for Pauline to step out upon the veranda without atracting attention, and passed along to the window of the sick room.

I want to know what he wants of her, she said to herself, and Laura is such an obstinate child sometimes; as likely as not she would not tell me.

I have sent for you, Laura Work, the dying man was saying, to ask you if you love my grandson.

My dear, he said, I am dying, or I would not ask you such a question. Lew is my only son's child: If I die without a will, the whole Van Wirt property will fall to him as the natural heir, but the boy has taken to bad courses lately, I am afraid.—He gambles, I have heard. His father did before him. The taste of it is in the Van Wirt blood. It came very near being my ruin at his age. But I promised the woman I married I would never touch a drop again if she would have me, and I never did.

Laura's lips opened, but she would not utter a word.

Little fool, thought Pauline.

Listen to me, old Ethan Van Wirt said. lifting himself upon his elbow in his excitement. If you love Lewis, promise me that before you marry him you will exact from him the same pledge my wife did from me. He shall be my heir.

Laura burst into tears. I do love him! she stammered. I will promise anything rather that you'd do such a dreadful thing.—But—what—if he does not care for me as you think?

I will risk that; I think he does. All I ask of you is to promise not to marry him till he has solemnly sworn never to touch a card again. Give me your hand, child, and say the words after me.

Laura obeyed him more calmly than might have been expected under the circumstances.

God bless you! he said, as he let her hand go. You have made my dying moments happy.

As Laura quitted the room sobbing, Pauline was about to join her, when she heard the sick man mutter, I am not sure, after all, that a will would make everything safer.

Then he ordered the attendant who had just come in to go and bring Mr. Scribe.

Can he be going to make a will after all? wondered Pauline. I will wait and see.

To her amazement, she heard the sick man dictating a will to his lawyer, in which he left everything he possessed to Laura Work, absolutely.

Mr. Scribe ventured to remonstrate, but it was of no use.

I know what I am about, the imperious old man said, and would hear nothing.

The will duly signed, witnessed and sealed, he told the lawyer where to put it in his desk, which stood within his view.

Is it safe here? Mr. Scribe asked, I see no key.

Who would touch it? the sick man asked, irritably. It would be no one but Lewis, and the Van Wirts are not thieves, whatever else they may be. Go, now, please, and tell some one to send my grandson to me.

Pauline would like to have staid and witnessed this interview also, but she did not dare. Laura must be wondering greatly now where she was.

She found out that Laura had come out of the sick room so agitated that Mrs. Beckett, the housekeeper, had made her lie down, and was now sitting with her.

Pauline took the housekeeper's place beside her friend, and in a short time Laura was asleep. As Pauline sat watching the childish face of the girl she pretended to love, her girlish face was full of wicked thoughts.

Laura was already rich, she was poor, and yet to her who had already so much, the great Van Wirt property had just been given. She envied her the handsome lover, with whom she herself was more than half in love, and whom, hitherto, she had not been without hope of winning away from Laura.

Suddenly, as she sat there, the deep silence was broken by the sound of some commotion in the house—she heard steps and excited voices.

What can it be, she wondered, Mr. VanWirt must be worse.

She sat listening for some moments, then rose softly. Laura was still sleeping. Pauline succeeded in opening the door without disturbing her and stole out in the hall.

From the landing, she could see the servants hurrying about with awe-struck looks.

An impulse of ungovernable curiosity seized her. She watched her chance, and gliding downstairs skipped through the open door without being seen and passed swiftly along the veranda till she came to the window where she had already passed so much time. One glance at the bed told her what had happened. Ethan VanWirt was dead! A sudden awe and horror seized her. She was about to flee the spot, when her eyes fell upon the desk in which she had seen the will placed.

I wonder if it is there yet, she thought. I am sure I can reach it from here. I know I should know it at a glance, she mused. She put her hand in and raised the lid. There it was.

A wicked thought passed her. What if she took it?

At that thought, she snatched the will, and hiding it in the fold of her dress she hurriedly retraced her steps.

* * * * * *

Ethan VanWirt had been dead about a month. His grandson entered into possession of his estate without any hindrance. There were rumors about a will; but when it could not be found, Mr. Scribe concluded that the old man had destroyed it, and refused when questioned to tell who was named in it.

Pauline Ruble was still visiting Laura Work, although, truth to tell, her welcome had grown somewhat cold both on Laura's part and Mrs. Work's.

Laura was very unhappy. Lewis VanWirt scarcely ever spoke to her except in the most formal manner, though he came to the house as often as formerly. Apparently it was to see Pauline now; and though the gentle girl strove to feel the same toward her false friend, she could not quite do so.

There was another rejected suitor of Laura's named Robert Lester, who about this time took advantage of the the situation to renew his devotion to her. Laura had never liked him, and liked him less than ever now.

I must bring matters to a crisis soon, thought Pauline one night, and she wreathed her brilliant face with smiles, and pretended not to have seen Mrs. Work's cold manner to her.

Presently, when Lewis VanWirt called, she was watching for him, and drew him at once into the garden. I want to tell you something, she said, in her soft voice; and besides, Laura and her lover are so happy in there by themselves it would be a pity to disturb them.

"Has she consented to marry him at last?" he asked, bitterly.

"Oh, of course; I told you he would. He is such a very moral young man, and dear Laura is so very strict in her ideas."

"Mr. VanWirt," Pauline said suddenly; "do you know to whom your grandfather left his money in that will that has never been found?"

"I do not know."

"I can tell you."

"You?" He stared at her.

"It gave everything to Laura Work."

"Impossible! How do you know?"

"Never mind, I do know." Pauline said, lifting her beautiful black eyes to his in the moonlight. "Moreover, that will is in existence."

He stared at her more than before.

"I know where it is."

"You do?"

"Would you like to see it?" slipping her hand in her pocket.

"I certainly should."

"How would you like to see Laura and Robert Lester lording it at the VanWirt House?"

"Lewis VanWirt," she said, "if that will could be put in your possession to do what you like with it, would you marry a woman who loves you better than Laura Work ever could?"

"I would."

Trembling with joy she drew out the folded paper, and put into his hand.

He held it up in the moonlight a moment and then thrusting it inside of his breast, turned suddenly and began to go swiftly toward the house. Pauline could scarcely keep up with him. An awful misgiving seized her.

"What are you going to do?'

"You shall see," he answered sternly, and she read the determination in his eyes.

"What a fool I was," she muttered, but made one offort more.

"Laura and Lester won't thank you for interrupting them."

No answer as he strode on and entered the drawing room through one of the open French windows.—Laura sat there with her mother—she had been crying. No one else was in the room. He laid the will upon her lap.

"I find," he said hurriedly, and in a shaking voice that my grandfather left his money to you. There is the will that has been missing so long. "I hope, Laura, that you will be a great deal happier with Mr. Lester than you would have been with me. But he will never love you any better than I do."

"Laura detests Robert Lester," cried Mrs. Work, taking in the situation at once. "She has never cared for anyone but you, Lewis VanWirt, and you ought to know it."

"Oh! my darling!" ejaculated Lewis wildly, extending his arms, "is it true?"

In another moment Laura was sobbing on his shoulder.

Pauline went quietly to her room and spent the night in packing. When, the next morning, she announced her approaching departure, no one objected.

Rev. Job Turner's Appointments.

The Rev. Job Turner, a deaf-mute minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, under the auspices of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, will (D. V.) visit the following places to hold Divine Service for Deaf-Mutes and those interested in their welfare:

Tallahassee, Fla.,	February	16th.
Jacksonville, Fla.,	"	20th.
Eufaula, Ala.,	"	23d.
Montgomery, Ala.,	"	27th.
Mobile, Ala.,	March	2d.
New Orleans, La.,	"	6th.
Morgan City, La.,	"	13th.
Galveston, Texas,	"	20th.
San Antonio, Texas,	"	23d.
Austin, Texas,	"	27th.
Little Rock, Ark.,	"	30th.
Memphis, Tenn.,	April	3d.
Oxford, Miss.,	"	10th.
Kosciusko, Miss.,	"	13th.
Jackson, Miss.,	"	15th.
Vicksburg, Miss.,	"	17th.
Baton Rogue, La.,	"	20th.
Livingston, Ala.,	"	24th.
Talladega, Ala.,	"	27th.
Cave Spring, Ga.,	"	29th.
Knoxville, Tenn.,	May	1st.
Chattanooga, Tenn.,	"	4th.
Danville, Ky.,	"	6th.
Lexington, Ky.,	"	8th.
Louisville, Ky.,	"	15th.
Hopkinsville, Ky.,	"	18th.
Nashville, Tenn.,	"	22d.
Jackson, Tenn.,	"	25th.
Maysville, Ky.,	June	5th.
Parkersburg, W. Va.,	"	8th.
Clarksburg, W. Va.,	"	9th.
Wheeling, W. Va.,	"	12th.
Charlestown, W. Va.,	"	15th.
Staunton, W. Va.,	"	16th.

The services will be conducted with the assistance of the Rectors, who will use the Church Service in the spoken, while the same is rendering in the sign-language. The sermon will be read by the Rector to the speaking and hearing, at the same time it will be delivered in the sign-language for the benefit of the deaf-mutes attending.

The service, while it does not materially interfere with the ordinary services held in the Church, may be of interest to those who are not familiar with the deaf-mute language; and it is hoped that good may result.

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